

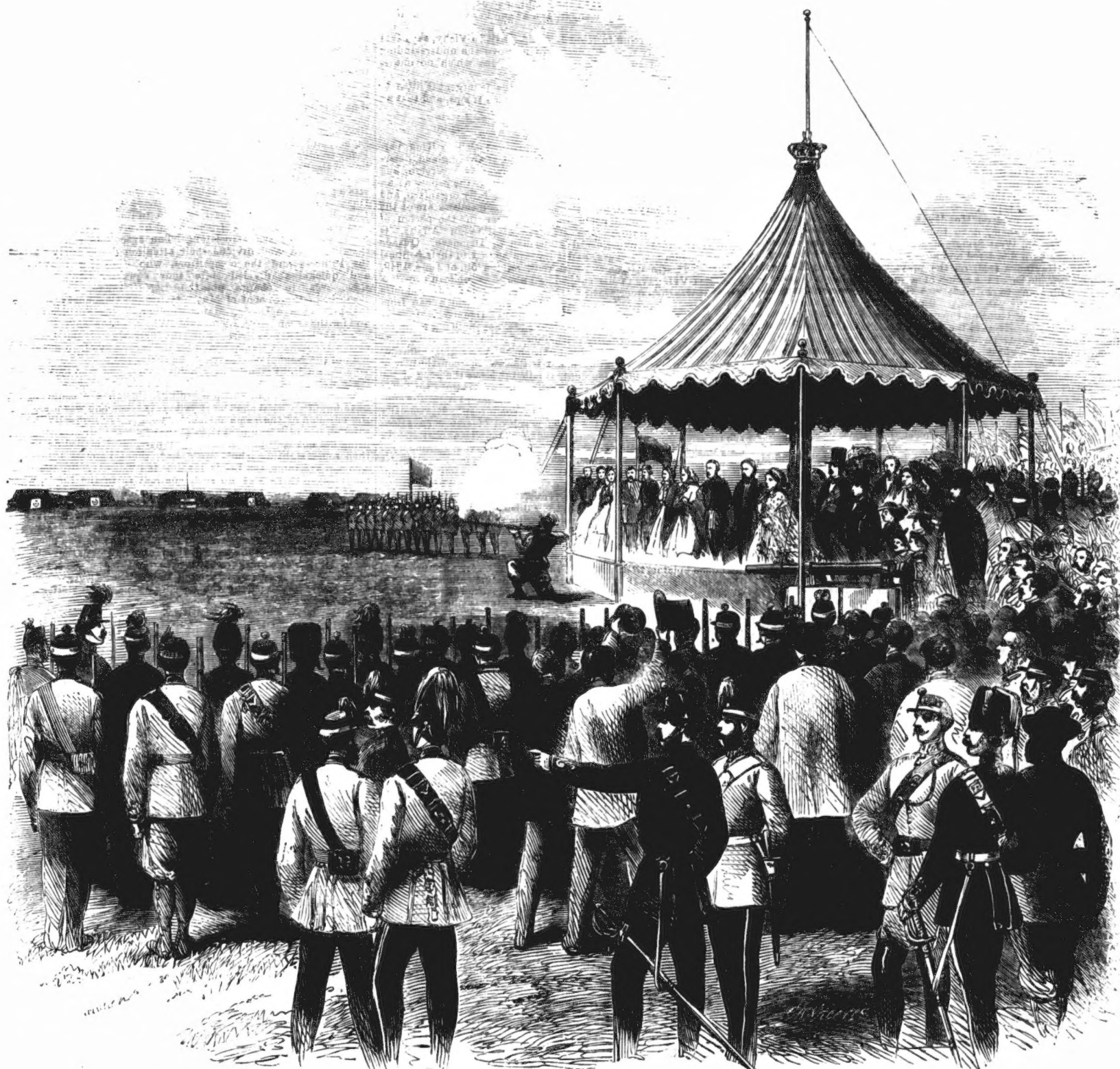
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WEEKLY NEWS.**



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ONE PENNY.



SHOOTING OF THE LORDS AND COMMONS BEFORE THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES, AT WIMBLEDON. (See page 82)



Notes of the Week

At Salisbury on Saturday, before Mr. Justice Byles and a special jury, an action for libel was brought by Susan Rhoades, twenty-five years of age, the daughter of a respectable tradesman of the town, against Mr. Cooper, a solicitor, of the same place, a man nearly sixty years of age. Some ten years ago the defendant was under a promise of marriage to plaintiff, but having seduced her, he refused to marry her. A child was the result of the illicit intercourse, and defendant agreed to pay plaintiff £91 a year, in quarterly instalments. He paid the first instalment, but would never pay anything afterwards without an action being brought against him, pleading, and publicly letting it be known, that his reason for doing so was on account of the immoral conduct of plaintiff with other men—conduct which nullified the former agreement upon which the annuity was granted. This was the libel complained of; and Mr. Sleigh, who appeared for the defendant, admitted on his behalf that the imputation was founded in error, and that defendant was now satisfied that he was wrong in attributing such conduct to plaintiff. The judge summed up, and the jury returned a verdict in favour of the plaintiff, damages £1,000.

On Sunday morning, two keepers in the employ of Mr. W. P. Thornhill, Gratton, near Gratton Dale, met with three poachers, who had with them a quantity of game, nets, and other poaching implements. One of the keepers seized hold of one of the poachers. A fight then took place between the keepers and poachers, which resulted in the keepers being overcome. Webster, one of the keepers, was dreadfully beaten about the head and face. He lies in a dangerous state.

On Monday, Inspector Frazer, of the S division of police, forwarded to Dr. Lankaster, the coroner for Middlesex, the particulars of the death of Alfred Walter Copeland, aged nine, residing with his parents at 8, Ann's-place, Ossulton-street, Somers-town, who was accidentally killed by the falling of a wall of a house on him. The portion of the house that fell is situated at 17, Lower Cambridge-street, Agar-town, and is one of a number that is in course of demolition for the foundation of the Midland Railway Station. Since the houses have been in the course of pulling down, the workmen have been much annoyed by boys getting into the enclosures for the purpose of picking up pieces of wood, iron, or anything else that would fetch them a halfpenny, and many of the boys have had very narrow escapes from the falling timbers and bricks. On Sunday evening, about a quarter past five, the deceased was at the back portion of the house, 17, Lower Cambridge-street, with three other boys, their ostensible purpose being the pulling up of some firewood. Not content with the small pieces that were lying about, it was stated that the deceased and his companion endeavoured to take out the cill of the back window, and in swinging it backward and forward, loosened the bricks to such an extent that a large crack was made in the wall, and before the deceased and his companions could get out of the way, it fell, burying the deceased under the rubbish. A working man, of the name of Pavett, was at once on the spot, and with commendable zeal set to work to release the deceased. This he did in a very short space of time, and took the child to Mr. Jackson, surgeon, of Brewer-street, Somers-town, who pronounced life to be extinct. The deceased was not much bruised, and it is surmised that suffocation was the cause of death. The three companions of the deceased had a very narrow escape, but fortunately without injury.

An inquest was held on Monday afternoon before Mr. Coroner Browne, at Nottingham, upon the body of Mr. Thomas Horsley, master blacksmith, West Bridgford, Nottinghamshire, who was supposed to have been murdered and afterwards thrown into the canal. Mr. J. W. Haythorn said, on the previous Friday night, about eleven o'clock, he heard the sound of a man moaning in Handley-street, and on going to see what was the matter he found the deceased lying on the pavement. He appeared drunk and asleep. There was a pool of blood on the causeway, and the man's hair was clogged with blood. He gave the deceased in charge to a policeman. Some time afterwards he was seen by another policeman, and directed home to Bridgford. Mr. Yates, surgeon, stated that he had made a post mortem examination of the deceased. There was no injury sufficiently severe to account for his death. His brain was extensively congested, and he might have fallen into the canal while in a fit. Death had resulted from drowning. Verdict—"Found drowned in the Nottingham Canal, but how he got into the water there was no evidence to show."

A few minutes before twelve o'clock on Monday night a fire broke out in the furniture warehouse of Mr. Davis, London-road, Southwark. The fire was discovered by Police-constable 183 M, who on passing the house at the time above mentioned had his attention attracted by the cracking of glass. On looking through the keyhole of the door he discovered the back part of the warehouse to be in flames. He at once raised an alarm, and knocked up Mr. Davis and his family, who had retired to rest. The front door having in the meantime been broken open several of the neighbours rushed in, and with great difficulty succeeded in rescuing the six children of Mr. Davis, who were in bed in an upper room. The flames by this time had got complete possession of the whole of the premises, and, on the arrival of the engines, the firemen at once directed their efforts to save Mr. Nathan's furniture warehouse on the one side, and the shop of Mr. Venning on the other. In this they fortunately succeeded, although the premises and contents were much damaged by water. By one o'clock all danger of any further extension of the fire was at an end. Mr. Davis is insured, though not to the full extent of his loss.

The Court.

Her Majesty the Queen, accompanied by their royal highnesses Princess Louise, Princess Beatrice, and Princess Louis of Hesse, went on board the iron-cased ship Prince Consort, off Osborne, on Saturday afternoon.

The Queen embarked in the royal yacht Fairy at the Osborne pier, and was conveyed in the barge from the Fairy to the Prince Consort, after inspecting which her Majesty returned ashore in the same manner.

Their royal highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales on Saturday evening honoured the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch with their presence at a grand entertainment at their villa residence, at Richmond. The town was decorated with bunting, and the houses of the royal tradesmen were illuminated for the occasion. Their royal highnesses arrived about half-past five o'clock, attended by the Hon. Mrs. F. Stonor and Captain Grey, and were received by the duke and duchess. Their royal highnesses the Duchess of Cambridge and the Princess Mary reached Richmond soon afterwards, and were received by the Earl of Dalkeith. The Duke of Cambridge, accompanied by Earl Granville, speedily followed, and dinner was announced at a quarter past six, covers being laid for fifty.

THE PEACE NEGOTIATIONS.

The suspension of hostilities agreed upon between Austria, Prussia, and Denmark commenced at noon the 20th inst., and lasts until midnight the 31st inst. The blockade of the Prussian harbours by the Danish fleet will also be raised during the same period.

The *Moniteur* says:—"It is asserted that the negotiations for peace between Denmark, Austria, and Prussia will take place at Vienna."

Foreign News

FRANCE.

THE murder of Mr. Briggs in the railway carriage is considered by the *Patrie* as an unanswerable proof of the deficiency of precautionary measures required for the safety of travellers both in England and in France. The writer insists strongly on the necessity of taking the matter seriously in hand, and devising without further delay efficient means of security. Our contemporary expresses itself in these terms:—

"We doubt whether public opinion in England, where the crime committed on the North London Railway has created a real stir, will be content with the refusal to interfere, as announced, in the English House of Commons. We wish more particularly that it may force the Government to order, and the companies to execute, the measures necessary to avoid the recurrence of similar catastrophes. The matter ought not to be delayed, as is too frequently the case under such circumstances, until the remembrance of the danger at first becomes weaker, and afterwards completely disappears. In France, immediately after the murder of President Poincaré, how many projects were there not brought forward in the interest of travellers? What researches took place! How many inventions succeeded each other! A few months after, Jud was vaguely thought of, but the trains ran as before, without any serious reform having been adopted. Thus, at this very time, without throwing any doubt on the care which the committee of inquiry, established two years ago for the purpose of improving all the branches of the service on railways, gave to the study of the grave questions of surveillance raised by the murder of M. Poincaré, has any great advance been made? From one day to another may we not hear that some other traveller has been robbed, murdered, and thrown out on the line without his cries having been able to reach beyond the compartment in which he may have met with a perhaps unpunished death? Who, on the one hand, will be made to believe that in our age of progress no plan can be discovered for forming a permanent means of communication between all the carriages of a train—or at least between the passengers and those who are appointed to take care of them—even if an innovation called for by interests of the highest order were necessarily liable to abuses? Would it not, on the other hand, be a calamity on the railway companies to suppose, even for a moment, that they would refuse, from motives of economy, to make the necessary changes in their rolling stock, in order to save, at one time the life of a passenger, and at another the honour of a female?"

The *France*, referring to King Leopold's visit to Vichy, says that it is ascribed to his Majesty's desire to improve the understanding between England and France—"a politic idea which no one is better than himself able to carry out."

The *Moniteur* states that the chief of the insurgent Flittas in Algeria has fallen into the hands of the French troops, and that all the revolted tribes have made their submission.

DENMARK.

A letter from Copenhagen has the following:—"The King, perceiving that there remained no hope of aid from England, determined for the first time to exercise his power as sovereign, and dismiss the Ministry. This act was received by the people as an ordinary event. The new Ministry has been fully organized, and is composed of very singular elements. The members are of the old school, and would concentrate all power in the person of the sovereign. Bhlume, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, is perhaps the most experienced statesman in Denmark. Quasade was under him many years, and they are agreed in their political theories. It will be remembered that, on the 5th of June, 1849, Frederick VII. gave to his subjects an almost republican constitution. It was then questioned whether or not he could disfranchise succeeding sovereigns of those absolute rights which had from time immemorial belong to the Crown of Denmark. It was further questioned by statesmen whether or not the King could renounce any of his authority; whether, by the grace of God, he was not inseparable from his regal existence. As a logical sequence to this it was asserted that he could withdraw the constitution at any time, when, in his judgment, it failed to serve the good of the nation and the perpetuity of the monarchy. In 1854 the Legislative Tribunal failed to perform its functions, refusing to vote the supplies, and the wheels of State were in some respects practically locked. At this juncture, the Bhlume school of statesmen seized the occasion for abrogating the Radical-Republican charter. In July of that year, the original constitution was revoked or modified by the substitution of another, delegating to the people privileges of legislation considerably restricted, but at the same time apparently commensurate with their practical ideas. This political step was pronounced at the time a revolution, but the public received the change with little excitement. At this juncture, the new Minister of the Interior, then occupied the same position he does now, and the whole of the present council of the King favoured that important and most remarkably royal proceeding. On account of charges brought against the integrity of the Ministry, the King was forced, by public opinion, to dismiss it. I remember correctly, the whole of them in December, 1854. Since that time Bhlume and his political associates have lived in retirement. The constitution of the present Ministry out of this old and defunct party is singular. Individually, they are far advanced in age, and scarcely of sufficient energy to discharge the duties incumbent upon them in these extraordinary times. Yesterday the first official meeting of the new Cabinet took place, when, after sitting for two hours, it was agreed to propose to the German allies an armistice, with a view to an ultimate peace, and that too at no distant date. Peace, and peace at any price is the prevailing desire, as the Austrian fleet is coming, and could, it is believed, destroy the whole Danish navy."

AMERICA.

The *New York Herald's* correspondent with General Sherman's army, under date of the 22nd of June, says of the battle of Keresaw Mountain:—

"On the 17th heavy skirmishing occurred, and towards night the Confederates commenced firing fiercely. Bradley's and Bridge's batteries were brought to bear upon them with considerable effect, and Logan's and Blair's batteries also fiercely shelled their works. Hooker having repulsed them was pressing forward, while Schofield was swinging around the left, capturing many prisoners. Soon heavy musketry firing was heard, and the Confederates made repeated onslaughts upon them. Early in the morning General Howard ordered forward his line, and, coming upon the enemy, drove them pell-mell out of their new position into one which was found to be of immense strength; but, by posting our troops in various positions, and bringing to bear a concentrated fire, they were forced to fall back again, leaving a large number of prisoners in our hands. Their loss must have been heavy. On the 19th the enemy were again found in their works, on a prominent ridge of the Keresaw, and our batteries opened on them at a short range. The troops were hurled up so close that the Confederates made an effort to pierce our centre. The conflict was bloody, and at nightfall no material advantage was gained on either side. Early next morning the fighting was resumed with increased fierceness, and was going on at the close of our correspondent's letter. Later dates by telegraph advise us that the Confederates were forced to fall back again."

The *New York Journal of Commerce* states editorially that the total Federal loss in Grant's campaign, exclusive of cavalry and Hunter's column, will not exceed 52,000. The total loss since crossing the James River will not exceed 7,500. As to the Con-

federate losses, the *Richmond Enquirer* of the 25th gave a list of 11,130 wounded sent from Lee's army, and 8,040 from Beauregard's. This did not include those sent from the Rapidan to Gordonsville and according to their accounts they lost twenty-eight general officers and 17,000 prisoners.

The *Washington Star* says that, since Grant crossed the Rapidan, he has taken 17,000 prisoners, not including those of the last four or five days, while his own loss is less than one-third of that number. Among the recent prisoners were men over sixty years of age, and boys of fourteen and sixteen. They all say they were forced into the Confederate ranks.

President Lincoln nominated the Hon. W. P. Fessenden to be the Secretary of the Treasury without consulting him. The confirmation by the United States Senate was unanimous. Mr. Fessenden had not yet signified his acceptance of the position.

THE WIMBLEDON RIFLE SHOOTING MEETING.

VISIT OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.

THE exceeding closeness of Sunday night rendered it questionable whether Monday morning would not bring with it a heavy thunderstorm. But though up till sunrise the clouds lowered, the day turned out passing well, and, indeed, better than if it had been as radiantly sunny as some of its immediate predecessors. For the general public, Monday was the most interesting, and, as it proved, the most attractive day of the contest. It becomes slow work to sit and watch the shooting of men of whom one knows nothing by sight, and little by hearsay or through the frequent printing of their names. But it is a different thing when well-known men are firing, and especially when the prominent representatives of the two great public bodies contend for the mastery—albeit they strive but for the empty honour of victory. Then is every shot watched, and when a bull's-eye rewards the skill of the competitor the partisans who are among the circle outside the ropes are wont to cry, "Well done;" and so, may be, while encouraging him who has just succeeded, discomposing him who is just trying to succeed. It was so on Monday, in the match between the rifle eleven of Lords and Commons. The Commons men had so many friends on the ground that they sustained a serious injury. The backers of the Lords did not cheer much when a bull's-eye was marked; but the supporters of the Lower House could hardly let a bull's-eye be recorded without showing their opinion that they considered such a shot a most wonderful performance, and they vociferated their applause so boisterously that the nervous ones among the Commons eleven might well have wished their admirers further, might well have prayed a very good deliverance from their far too kind friends.

Of all the items in the list for the day the match between the Lords and Commons was the most generally attractive; and besides, the Prince and Princess of Wales had announced their intention of coming to see it, which was in itself sufficient to draw a crowd. Three o'clock, after luncheon, was fixed for the commencement of the match, and their royal highnesses were to arrive in time to see the beginning of it. But it was half-past three before the approach of the royal party, who came from White Lodge, Richmond Park, the Princess in a carriage, with the Hon. Mrs. F. Stonor, and the Prince riding behind, attended by Captain Grey. Being received by Lord Elcho, they drove through a lane of spectators to the firing point of the 200 yards pool range, which had been set apart for the first portion of the great legislative match. Here was a marquee with open sides placed for the Princess and the Duchess of Manchester, Lady Elcho, Lady Constance Grosvenor, Lady Bury, and other ladies interested in the doings of their husbands and distinguished friends; and here was a roped enclosure for members of the association. The spectators soon gathered thickly around, and divided their attention pretty fairly between the Princess and the competitors, who were for convenience and quickness divided into four squads. Captain Drake, R.E., was in charge of the Lords' range, and Captain Bostock, of the School of Musketry, of the Commons; while for the first of the Lords, Major Fureher, Scots Fusilier Guards, and for the second five Lieutenant White, of the 85th Regiment, acted as register-keepers. For the first six of the Commons eleven Lieutenant Haldane, and for the second five Lieutenant Orr, both of the School of Musketry, kept the scores. The Princess, who wore a light mantle over a black silk, and who look exceedingly well in a black hat with white ostrich feather, appeared to take much interest in the proceedings, though she could hardly have forgotten what she learnt last year when she was present on the occasion of the same match. The Prince frequently looked through one of Ross's telescopes at the progress of the contest. The firing did not begin until the royal party had settled down, and then some sighting shots were had, the Commons leading in common at a table, the Lords leading individually. In the Commons eleven there was no such contrast as in the Lords, where Lord Vernon, who has seen sixty-one years, played his part exceedingly well by the side of the Earl of Eildon, whose boyish form and face show him to be hardly of age, and who is really little more than nineteen. As will be seen by the score the great experience of the senior peer gave him the advantage by one point over the keen sight and steady hand of the junior lord. For the rest let the score tell it. The fours are bull's-eyes, the threes centres, the twos outers. What need to go through the details when the shooting is so neatly tabulated by the excellently managed statistical department?

LORDS.

	200 Yards.	500 Yards.	Total.
Marquis of Abercorn	22	25	47
Earl of Aberdeen	24	22	46
Earl of Arlre	18	21	39
Lord Bolton	26	18	44
Lord Dufferin	26	17	43
Earl Spencer	26	20	46
Earl of Dunc	27	26	53
Earl of Eildon	24	20	44
Viscount Lismore	24	14	38
Lord Suffield	11	14	25
Lord Vernon	23	22	45
Totals	249	219	468

COMMONS.

	200 Yards.	500 Yards.	Total.
Lord Bury	26	26	52
Lord Grosvenor	21	18	39
Captain Hon. H. Wyndham	13	11	24
Mr. Talbot	23	11	34
Mr. Forster	20	21	41
Mr. Duncombe	20	14	34
Lord Elcho	24	25	49
Mr. Dillwyn	19	15	34
Mr. Vivian	23	20	43
Mr. Malcom	21	20	41
Mr. Humberstone	18	19	37
Totals	228	200	428

The Lords won by 40 points.

Thus the Lords added to their last year's victory by one so unquestionable, that when at the close the numbers were proclaimed, Lord Elcho, on the part of the Commons, could but, with good-humoured bitterness, call for "Three cheers for the Lords, and bad luck to them next year!" whereunto Lord Dacie, who won the



sovereigns of sweepstakes with the largest aggregate score, replied by calling for "Three cheers for the Commons, and better luck to them next year." So the "licking" which, in 1863, Lord Elcho promised to give the Lords in 1864, is still—to be given.

#### ST. GEORGE'S CHALLENGE VASE.

WINNERS			
	200 yds.	500 yds.	Total.
Sergeant Panyer, 5th Stafford	15	19	34
Col.-Sgt. Lawley, 2nd Ad. Bt. Derby	15	18	33
Corporal Doe, Cambridge University	16	16	32
Sergeant Thornbury, 1st Victoria	14	18	32
Colour-Sergeant. Clewes, 3rd Renfrew	15	17	32

\* Winner of St. George's Vase, Gold Jewel, and £6.

† Silver Jewel and £5.

‡ Bronze Cross and £4.

The International Enfield Match between England and Scotland, twenty on each side, excited a great amount of attention; it was at 200 yards a neck and neck struggle, still the Scotch managed to secure at this range a majority of two. The competitors then extended their range, but the superior skill of England prevailed, and at the close of this range the English were forty-three ahead. The next stage was at 600 yards, but the English were not to be overcome, and finally were the victors, the total score for the English at the three ranges being 1,016, and the Scotch 983, giving the English a majority of thirty-three.

The winner of the Queen's Prize on Tuesday was Private Wyatt, of the London Rifle Brigade. At the council tents Mr. Wyatt was met by a number of the members of his regiment, who lost no time in mounting him upon their shoulders, and carrying him through the camp in triumph.

#### THE DISASTERS IN NEW ZEALAND.

The following is an account in a Melbourne letter of the military reverse in New Zealand:—

"Immediately on his landing at Tauranga the general marched against a rebel pah at Maketu, a few miles to the southward, which was shelled by our troops and abandoned by its defenders after a trifling resistance. Returning to Tauranga, some large Armstrongs, including a 110-pounder, were got on shore from the ships, and preparations were made for an assault on a place called the Gate Pah, lying on the crest of a hill on a small peninsula. The place consisted of two paha, 1,000 yards apart, connected by a covered way, and surrounded by rifle-pits and by an inner line of rail fence, masked by branches of trees and bundles of raupo. On the 27th ult. the 65th and the flying column of the 70th, under command of Colonel Green, left camp for the Maori position; the 43rd, the Naval Brigade Engineers and a heavy battery being posted in front, under General Cameron himself. The rebel force was estimated at 800 men in all. At daylight of the 25th the bombardment of the place was commenced with thirteen heavy guns, and was maintained for nine hours. A number of Maories being now seen retreating the 68th were ordered in pursuit by a road which led round the rear of the rebel works through a swamp. In the meantime, the Armstrongs having effected a practicable breach, it was determined to storm the pah in front. The storming party was formed of equal numbers of the Naval Brigade and the 43rd, under the command of Colonel Booth, of the latter regiment, and of Captain Hay, of the Harrier. In the midst of a withering fire the party, advancing at the double, carried the breach and entered the pah. Up to this moment all had gone well for our arms, and some of the spectators doubted not that the victory was gained and the Gate Pah in our hands. But now commences the strange and sad denouement. The story at this point is naturally a little confused, and there have been at least half-a-dozen versions of it before the public. The main facts, however, are as follows:—Our troops having entered the pah found it, to their surprise, almost deserted. Only two or three wounded natives were seen inside. Thrown off their guard, the men dispersed and it is said fell to plundering. In an instant there opened from beneath and from every side a tremendous fire of musketry, pointed by unseen hands. The whole ground was alive with Maories, and the air was rent with their savage yells. A panic seized the 43rd, and the whole party, in spite of the heroic efforts of their officers, fled in terror from the deadly place. A second force despatched to their support, under Captain Hamilton, of the Ek, arrived just in time to share their fate. Their gallant leader himself, while standing on the parapet and waving his sword to the blue-jackets, was shot through the head, and almost all the other officers being either killed or wounded. The men poured headlong out of the breach like a flock of sheep. To complete the story of the disaster, the 68th, who had gone round, as we have seen, by the rear of the enemy's position, were also repulsed in an attack upon another face of the pah. Thrice they were led to the assault, and thrice driven back by the deadly cross-fire. The night of the 29th closed on a scene perhaps unparalleled in British military annals. A regular force of infantry, supported by the crews of three or four men-of-war and by thirteen large guns, had been beaten in a hand-to-hand conflict with a horde of savages. A British regiment had fled in terror from, perhaps, an equal number of Maories. Our loss comprised no less than twenty-six killed and seventy-eight wounded, many of whom are since dead. The proportion of officers slain is somewhat remarkable. The 43rd Regiment lost in officers alone as many as, perhaps, any single regiment at the battle of the Alma. Their colonel himself (Booth) was left mortally wounded by his men within the pah, and is since dead of his wounds. Four captains (Glover, Meir, Hamilton, and Uterton) and two lieutenants (Langlands and Glover) were also among the killed, besides several other officers wounded. The Naval Brigade lost Captain Hamilton, of the Ek, and Commander Hay, of the Harrier, both highly distinguished and popular officers, and both equally glorious in their death. Among the *Corago's* crew was slain Lieutenant Hill, the senior surviving officer of the ill-fated *Orpheus*. The *Maories*, on their side, are supposed to have suffered but slightly in proportion. Their killed were first set down at forty, but later accounts make them only twenty, although it is probable that, according to the usual native custom, they carried off many of their dead in their subsequent retreat. This untoward affair has excited a profound sensation throughout the colonies, and will probably lead to an indefinite prolongation of the war, through the feeling of exaltation which it will have engendered on one side, and of exasperation on the other. It is fair to say that no blame is to be attached to General Cameron in this his first misfortune in the field. All the arrangements for the attack seem to have been well and carefully devised; and allowing that the best way of taking a Maori pah is to storm it in front, everything was done that skill and diligence could do to this end. The disgrace belongs solely to the 43rd Regiment, which fled ignominiously from before the enemy, leaving their officers behind to be slain."

Mr. W. Vernon Harcourt has been appointed junior counsel to the Attorney-General in matters connected with the Treasury, in the room of Mr. Webster, deceased.

These new-fashioned pens are now supplied by Messrs. Baker and Baker Tea Merchants, London, through their agents in town and country. These pens combine *Shakespeare's* with lasting strength, and are more whole-some than the tea in ordinary use, hence their great demand.—(Advertisement.)

A CAPITAL WORKING CLASS for 2s. (or free by post for twenty-eight stamps) fitted with Writing-paper, Envelopes, Pencase and Pen, Blotting-book, &c. THE PRIZE OF TWENTY GUINEAS AND SILVER MEDAL was given by the SOCIETY OF ARTS for its utility, durability, and cheapness. 250,000 have already been sold. To be had of PARKINS and GORRO, 25 Oxford-street, London, and all Stationers.—(Advertisement.)

#### THE MURDER ON THE NORTH LONDON RAILWAY.

The inquest on the body of Mr. Thomas Briggs, murdered in a train on the North London Railway on the night of the 9th inst., was resumed on Monday at the Prince of Wales Tavern, Hackney, before Mr. J. Humphreys, coroner for East Middlesex.

Mr. Francis Toulmin, F.R.S., who said that about three o'clock on Sunday morning, the 10th inst., he was called up by Mr. Thomas Briggs, jun., whose family medical adviser he was, who told him that his father was lying dangerously injured at the Mitford Castle Tavern, Hackney-wick. He proceeded there at once, and found the sufferer in a state of insensibility, from which he never recovered. He ordered his removal to his family residence in Clapton-square, where he died shortly before twelve on Sunday night. He had made a post mortem examination of the body in the presence of Messrs. Brereton and Cooper, who had been called in the first instance to attend the deceased. On the left ear was a severe indolent, jagged wound, severing it in the centre of the cartilage. Half an inch in front of the ear was a deep wound extending into the bone. There were several severe wounds on the hairy scalp, dividing it and cutting down into the pericranium. The hands were slightly bruised and grazed, and the left fore-arm was in a similar condition. On removing the calvarium or skull-cap a considerable quantity of blood was found beneath. A bruised and superficial wound and abrasion was apparent above the left temple. The skull itself was fractured, the fissures extending in various directions. (The witness here exhibited a drawing of the skull to the jury. It represented the two triangular fractures and the fissures running all over the top of the skull.) There was also a depression of the temporal bone corresponding with the bruised wound before referred to. On sawing through the bone of the skull a large quantity of blood was found both between the *dura mater* and the brain, and between the bone of the skull and the *dura mater*. Beyond these injuries the brain was quite healthy. The wound near the ear did not enter the cavity of the skull. The heart, lungs, stomach, and other viscera were perfectly healthy, having regard to the deceased gentleman's advanced age. The fracture and depression of the bone of the left temple he ascribed to the fall. The fracture near the ear and the wounds on the vertex of the skull were, he thought, inflicted by some blunt instrument. The cause of death was certainly fracture of the skull, and consequent depression of the brain. The abrasions and bruises on the hands and forearm were probably caused in self-defence.

Mrs. Buchanan, of 23, Nelson-square, Peckham, wife of Mr. David Buchanan, woollen warehouseman, said she was the niece of the deceased, who came to her house to dinner by invitation on Saturday evening, the 9th instant. He arrived at five o'clock and left at a quarter to nine, perfectly sober, and apparently in his usual health and spirits. He told her he was going direct home, and her husband saw him to the omnibus. She did not notice his dress, or whether he had on a watch and chain.

The coroner here cautioned the witnesses not to mention any names in answering the questions he was about to put to her.

She did not know of her own knowledge that any one had threatened to do Mr. Briggs an injury. She knew that a certain person had applied to Mr. Briggs for a loan, which was refused, and she had heard from a third person that a threat against Mr. Briggs had been used by the individual in question. She was unable to say of her own knowledge whether the threat was to murder or injure Mr. Briggs. She believed it was the latter. She knew of no other circumstances connected with the matter that was necessary to communicate to the court. The conversations she had heard had no reference whatever to Mr. Buchanan.

Mr. Semple Jones, residing at Barnesbury-park, said he was a clerk in the same banking-house as the deceased, where he last saw him a little before three on Saturday afternoon, the 9th instant. On that evening a fellow-clerk and he had been rowing on the river Lea, and returned to Highbury by the ten o'clock train from Hackney. On the arrival of the train they opened the door of a first-class carriage, and got in. He (the witness) saw a black leather bag lying on the seat. Seeing it was empty, and supposing it was left behind, he transferred it to an opposite seat, and sat down. On putting some flowers down on the cushion beside him, he noticed it was wet, and on looking at his hand, he found it covered with blood. He and his companion then called the guard, who found a hat and stick under the seat. The guard locked the door, and they proceeded to Highbury in another carriage.

Mr. Harry Verney, also a clerk in Messrs. Roberts, Lubbock and Co.'s bank, residing at 17, Colebrook-place, Islington, who was with the last witness on the night in question, confirmed his evidence in every particular.

Mr. David Buchanan, of 23, Nelson-square, Peckham, said the deceased dined at his house on the 9th inst. He left about half-past eight, and he accompanied him to the omnibus at the Lord Nelson, Old Kent-road, which was just leaving when they came up. The Lord Nelson was about a quarter of an hour's walk from his house. He saw the deceased into the omnibus, which had just started, and returned home immediately. The deceased was then cheerful and well. The omnibus was one of those which run between the Old Kent-road and Islington. There were two or three persons in the omnibus at the time; but he could not identify either the conductor or the driver, as the omnibus had already started when they came up to it. He did not know that any one was at variance with the deceased. He had heard that a certain person who had asked a loan of Mr. Briggs and had been refused had threatened him, but he did not know it of his own knowledge.

Mr. T. J. Briggs, the eldest son of the deceased, was recalled, and said he had examined the pocket-book which was found on his father's body, and had found two 10's signed by Mr. Buchanan.

Thomas Fishbourne said he was ticket collector at the Fenchurch-street Station, and knew the deceased well from his using the line daily. He last saw him alone, on Saturday, the 9th inst., at the station, at about a quarter to ten at night. He was sitting eating his supper in a chair at the foot of the stairs, when the deceased, who was alone, in passing touched him on the shoulder, and said "Good evening." He turned round and returned his salutation, and the deceased went up-stairs to the platform. Some minutes afterwards some more passengers passed up, but he could not identify them. The train did not start for two or three minutes after the deceased went up-stairs. It was his duty to examine and class the tickets. He knew the deceased perfectly well, not only from his travelling constantly by the line, but from his saying "Good day" to him whenever he passed.

William Petrie said he had charge of the electric telegraph at the Fenchurch-street Station, and it was his business to start the trains. On the night in question he was standing on the platform, waiting to start the train, when Mr. Briggs passed, saying, "How do you do?" or "Good evening," as was always his custom. Three or four persons came up two or three minutes after him, and about a dozen more followed. He did not see the deceased enter the carriage, as he did not go up so high on the platform. Passengers enter trains on one side, and get out on the other. They are not in the habit of locking the doors of the carriages, except in special cases.

Benjamin Ames, the guard of the train in which the murder happened, said they should have left Fenchurch-street at a quarter to ten, but they were five minutes behind time in starting. It was part of his duty to open and shut the doors and assist in examining the tickets. On the night in question he believed that Petrie examined the tickets. He knew the deceased by sight, but did not see him on the night of the murder. The first station they stopped at was Stepney, the second Bow, and the next Hackney-wick; but

he could not say who or how many got in or out of the train at either of those stations. At the Hackney Station his attention was called to one of the carriages, which was covered with blood. He examined it and found in it a hat and stick. He locked the door and took it on to Camden. He at once told the porter to telegraph the circumstances to every station on the line. The carriage was the fourth or fifth from the break-van. It was part of his duty to assist in examining the tickets at all stations when it did not interfere with his other work. On the night of the murder he had no time to do so.

Mr. Buchan was recalled and said it took a quarter of an hour to go from his house to the omnibus. The deceased would have taken twenty minutes to go from the Lord Nelson to the corner of King William-street, the nearest point to the Fenchurch-street Station.

William Townsend, ticket collector at Hackney-wick, said the staff at that station consisted of a ticket clerk and three porters, two of whom were always on duty, one on each side of the line. There is also a man at the junction, who works the semaphore signal. He was on duty on the down line on the night of the 9th inst., and remembered the 9.45 train from London arriving. Nine or ten passengers got out, and he took their tickets, the doors as usual being kept locked until the train had started. One man was very anxious to leave the platform, but the door was locked. The man went into the porter's office, and asked his way out. He was told that the door would be opened directly, to which he replied, "D— the door, it ought to be open long ago." He asked witness for his number, and said he would report him for not opening the door quick enough. The station was very full of Stratford passengers, and as he ran along the side of the train he stumbled and fell. He was not knocked down by any one, as had already been stated. The passengers at this station are frequently a very rough set, and sometimes persist in leaving and entering by the embankment. It would have been quite possible for a passenger to get out of the train at night and leave the station by the embankment without being perceived. It is difficult to get down the embankment, and although the Monday roughs sometimes go out that way, they generally prefer using the stairs. The porter on duty at the other side of the platform must have been at his post, as an up train was there when the down train arrived. A passenger might easily have got out on the six-foot between the trains, and escaped without being seen. He knew the deceased by sight well from seeing him travel continually on the line, but he had not remarked him the day of the murder.

Alfred Making, engine-driver on the North London Railway, said that on Saturday night, the 9th inst., he was going to Bow in charge of an engine and four empty carriages, and on approaching Bow Station he saw something lying on the six-foot, which he took to be a dog. He told his mate, and they pulled up as soon as possible, and went back with a lantern. They found it to be the body of a man who was lying along the six-foot with his head in the direction of Hackney-wick Station. The right leg was straight, and the right arm was under him, the left leg being drawn up and the left arm thrown across the body. His eyes were half open, and he breathed slightly. His dress was not at all disturbed, and he saw no gold watch chain, but a silk guard or something of the sort, attached to his button-hole. The collar and neckerchief did not seem disturbed. He remained with the body, while his mate went to fetch the engine. He afterwards sent another of his mates to seek for assistance from the Mitford Castle Tavern, and helped to carry the deceased there. The deceased never spoke during the whole time, but he moved his leg while he was waiting.

John Brenckley, a stoker, who was the last witness on the engine, confirmed his evidence in every particular.

Mr. Alfred Henry Brereton, F.R.S., surgeon, of Old Ford-road, said he was called to the Mitford Castle Tavern shortly before ten on the night of the murder, and found the deceased lying insensible on a table. He ordered him to be removed up-stairs to a bedroom, and attended him until six the next morning. The jagged cut on the ear had portions of grit adhering to it and buried in the wound. He thought that this wound and the wound near the ear resulted from one and the same cause, most probably from the fall. He was present at the post-mortem examination, and confirmed the evidence already given by Mr. Toulmin. He examined the line on Sunday, about three o'clock, and found a round spot of blood about a foot in diameter upon the gravel. The stain must have been caused by at least a pint of blood. He also picked up a stone, about half a pound in weight, with blood and hair adhering to it. He afterwards proceeded to Bow, and examined the carriage. Mr. Brereton then gave a description of the state of the carriage, similar to that already published. On the mat of the carriage he found trodden into it the link of a chain, which he produced. It was broken, and seemed to him to have been recently cut. Death was undoubtedly caused by the fracture of the skull and compression of the brain. The inquest was then adjourned.

#### SUSPECTED DISCOVERY OF THE MURDERER.

At length it seems probable that the police are on the track of the ruffian who murdered Mr. Briggs. A Swiss, named Francois Muller, left at the house of a cabman named Matthews a jeweller's box which bore Mr. Death's name. On Tuesday the cabman saw the name, and showed the box to the police, who immediately had it examined by Mr. Death. That gentleman expressed his belief that it was the one in which he had put the chain which he gave in exchange for that of Mr. Briggs. Further inquiries led to the identification of the hat found in the carriage as having belonged to Muller, and Mr. Death recognised a portrait of that individual as that of the man who changed the chain in his shop. Following this clue the police discovered that Muller sailed a week ago from London in a ship bound for New York, and the Government have ordered a pursuit across the Atlantic.

#### RECRUITING SCENES.—No. II. THE INFANTRY STANDARD.

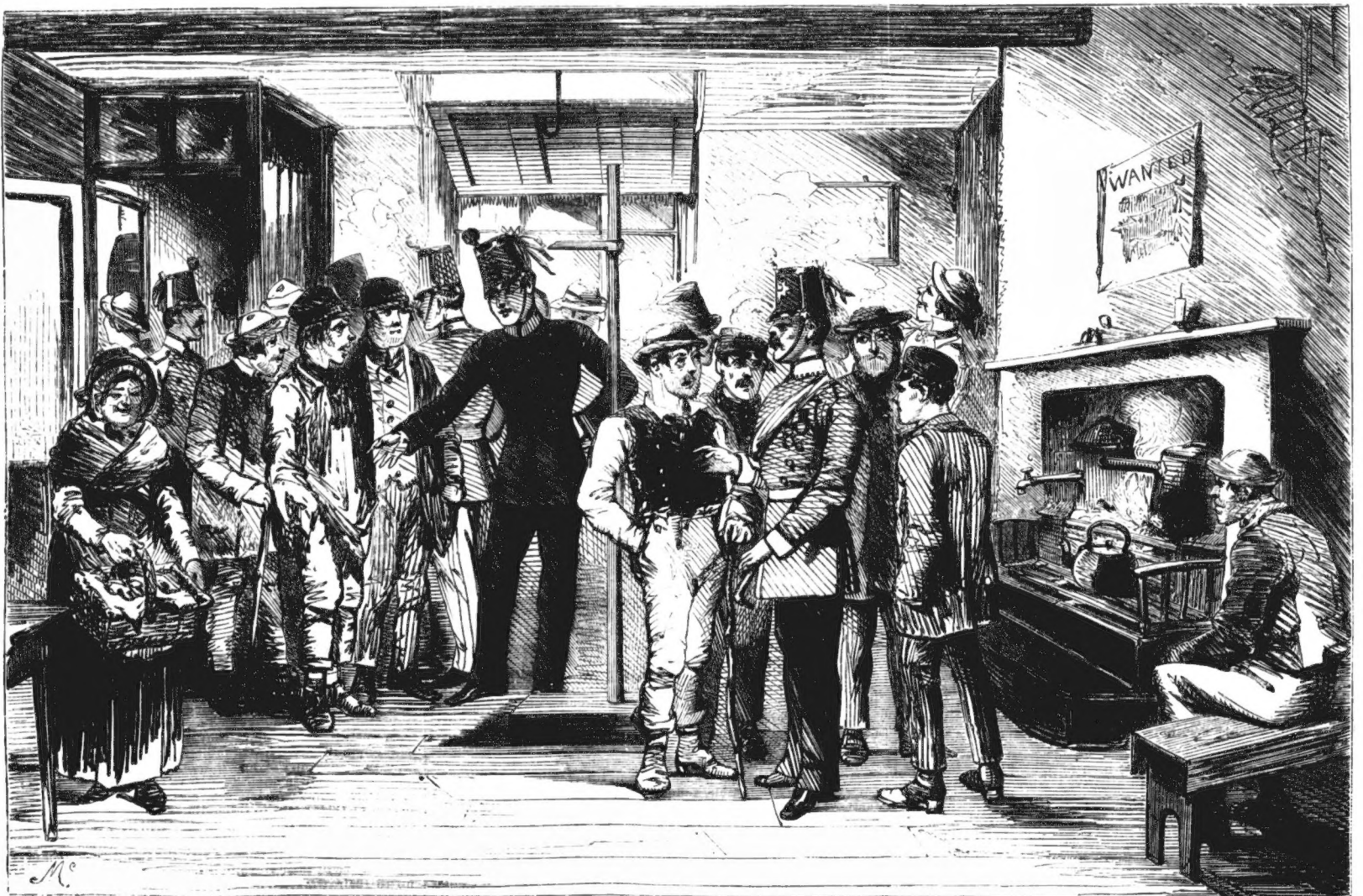
RETURN we again to the neighbourhood of Charles-street, Westminster. On this occasion we will enter one of the infantry recruiting houses. Here we find a score of aspirants for military fame, and to look at them we should say they could have made as fine a specimen of Falstaff's ragged regiment as could be desired. There they are: the mechanic out of work, the costermonger hard up for capital, the raw countryman who ignores following the plough, the unfortunate young stable-boy, who has done a bit of touting, and has not got over the last veritable "tip." Indeed, to describe the characters that are not there would be a difficult matter. The recruiting sergeants are particularly urbane and patronising. "The almost a wonder they are not afraid of losing their erect figures and dignified mien while talking to the raw and uncultivated squads which they are now, for the first time, initiating into the mysteries of military life. Many are eager to stand beneath the infantry standard in order to get hold of the first shilling, so that they in their turn may stand the complimentary pot of porter. Many will show a disappointed face as they in vain stretch up their necks to reach the standard height. Let them be ever so stunted in their growth, they will aver they have not done growing yet."

Our illustration on page 84 may be taken as a correct every-day scene in one of these recruiting hostilities. The sergeants are well up to their work. They have, doubtless, plied the intended recruits with drink, and all are eagerly listening to their tales of the joyous life of a soldier. The picture speaks for itself. In our next, we shall introduce a somewhat different cast and stamp of character waiting to be tested for the cavalry standard.



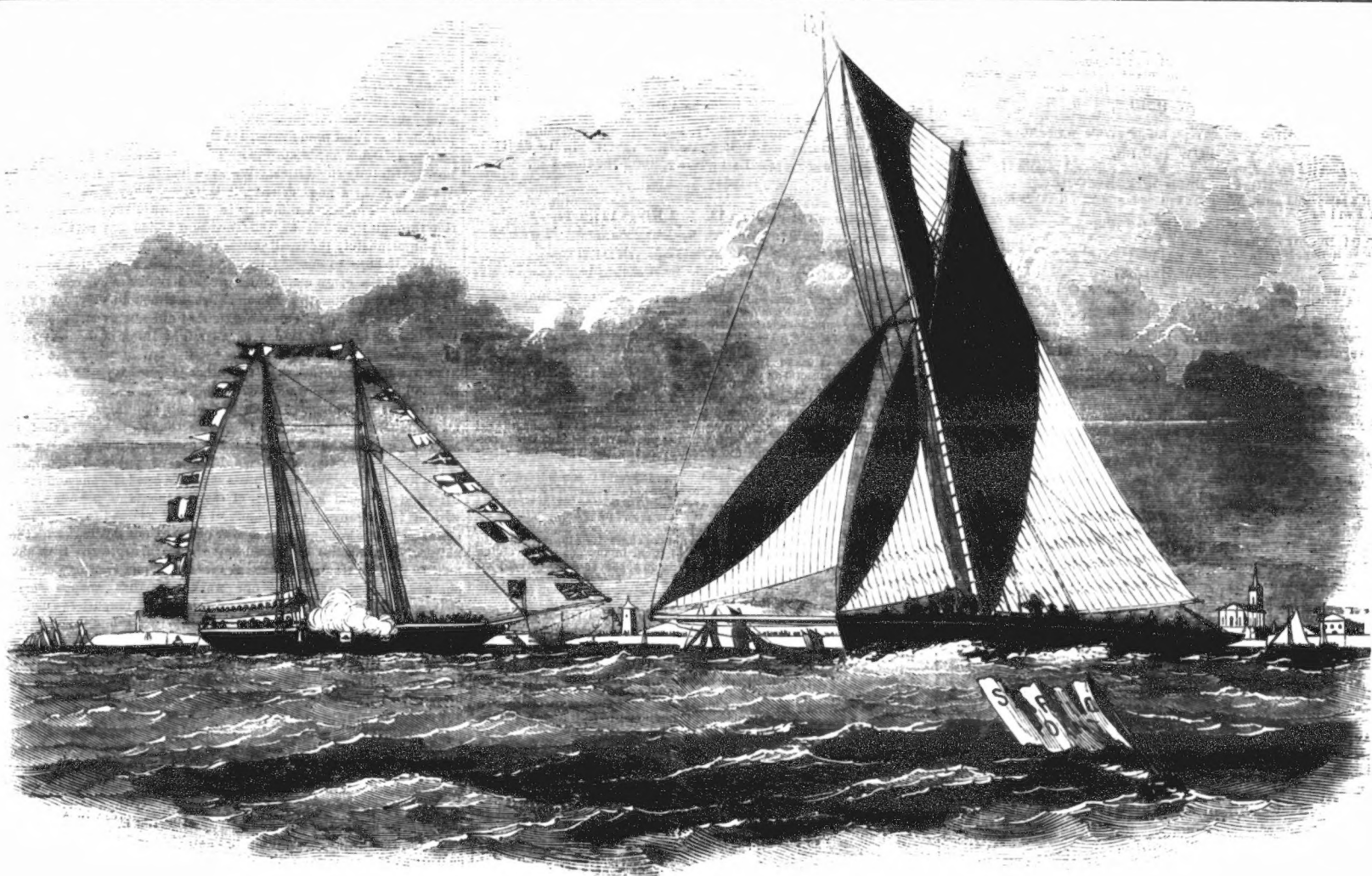


CORNISH WRESTLING.—THE DISPUTED FALL. (See page 86.)



RECRUITING SCENES, No. II.—THE INFANTRY STANDARD. (See page 83.)





HARWICH REGATTA, JULY 13TH. (See page 86.)

## KENSINGTON GARDENS.

THESE delightful gardens include an area of 350 acres; but, when first purchased by William III, did not exceed 26 acres. Queen Anne added 80 more acres. Caroline, Queen of George II, made an addition of nearly 300 acres, and had a canal formed at a cost of £6 000.

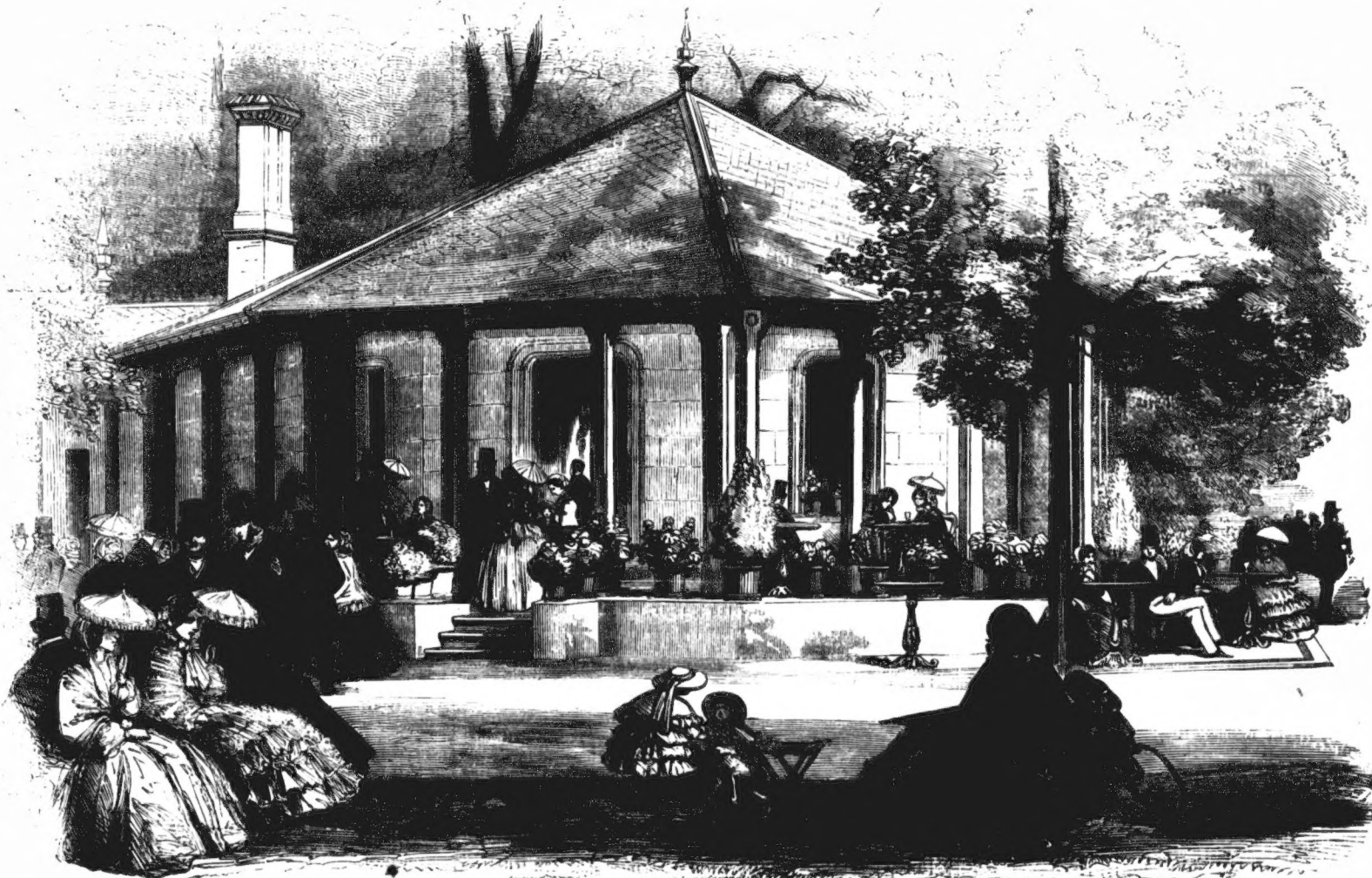
After William III took up his abode at the palace, a court and end of the town gathered round it. The large gardens laid out by Queen Caroline were opened to the public on Saturdays, when the King and court went to Richmond; all visitors were then required to

appear in full dress. The principal day was subsequently changed to Sundays, and continued so till the custom went out with the closing days of George III. When the court ceased to reside at Kensington, the gardens were thrown open in spring and summer.

Of late years, Kensington Gardens have been greatly improved by drainage, relaying out, and the removal of walls and substitution of open iron railing. Viewed from near the palace, eastward are three avenues through dense masses of ancient trees. Immediately in front of the palace is a quaintly-designed flower garden, between which and Kensington are some stately old elm-trees. The broad walk, fifty feet in breadth, was once the fashionable promenade. On

the southern margin of the gardens is a walk, bordered by the newer and rarer kind of shrubs, each labelled with its Latin and English name, and its country. The most picturesque portion of the gardens, however, is at the entrance from near the bridge over the Serpentine, where is a delightful walk east of the water, beneath some noble old Spanish chestnut-trees. The elegant stone bridge across the west end of the Serpentine was designed by Sir John Rennie in 1826, and cost £36,500.

During the London season military bands perform on certain days near the Refreshment Rooms, an engraving of which will be found below.



REFRESHMENT ROOMS, KENSINGTON GARDENS.



## TO OUR READERS,

## AND THE LOVERS OF CHEAP AND GOOD LITERATURE.

The immense success attending the sale of *Bow Bells*—which has now reached the enormous weekly circulation of 800,000—has induced the proprietors to make several new and important arrangements, thus enabling them to announce the following extraordinary features:—

## BOW BELLS,

For August the 3rd, will be  
ENLARGED TO TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.

## BOW BELLS,

For August the 3rd. A magnificent, original, coloured picture of  
THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD,

By the celebrated artist, W. H. HAVARD and printed on thick toned plate-paper will be

## PRESENTED GRATIS

with this Number. The price of the Picture without the Publication will be Five Shillings, being intended as a present to our Readers only.

## BOW BELLS,

For August the 3rd, will contain an entirely new and original Poem by  
ELIZA COOK, entitled

## THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD

## BOW BELLS,

For August the 3rd, will contain an entirely new WALTZ, entitled  
THE BOW BELLS WALTZ.

Composed expressly for this Periodical by W. H. MONTGOMERY, with whom a permanent engagement is made

## BOW BELLS,

For August the 3rd, will contain the opening chapters of an Original Tale, entitled

## TWENTY STRAWS.

By the author of "WOMAN'S WORD," "DORA RIVERSDALE"  
Illustrated by HAVARD.

## BOW BELLS,

For August the 3rd, will contain  
NEEDLEWORK FOR THE LADIES.

Comprising the newest patterns of embroidery, &c., just obtained from Paris.  
Illustrated.

## BOW BELLS,

For August the 3rd, will contain a complete Original Tale, entitled  
EDITH LANGDON'S MYSTERY.

## Illustrated by WILKINS

## BOW BELLS,

For August the 3rd, will contain  
PICTURESQUE SKETCHES.

## Illustrated by PALMER

## BOW BELLS,

For August the 3rd, will contain a PORTRAIT, with LIFE and MEMOIR of our  
most celebrated English Poetess,  
ELIZA COOK

## BOW BELLS,

For August the 3rd, will contain the commencement of the New Story of  
THE DISCARDED WIFE.

By the author of "THE CHIMNEY." Illustrated by PALMER

## BOW BELLS,

For August the 3rd. Every Lady in the Kingdom should purchase this Number, which will contain a variety of information tending to amuse and instruct the mind. THE WORK TABLE, THE FOLIOLETTES AND LADIES' GUIDE, ORIGINAL MUSIC, PORTFOLIO GAMES, HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS (General and Domestic); and a large amount of information for the ladies that can be found in any other publication in the world.

## BOW BELLS,

Important Notice to the Ladies. A coloured steel engraving of the PARIS FASHIONS for the Month of September will be presented Gratis to every purchaser of the Monthly Part, to be published August 31st.

## BOW BELLS,

For August the 3rd, will contain a splendid illustration from the original painting by WALLER GOODALL of

## GRANDFATHERS VISIT,

With descriptive letter press

## BOW BELLS,

For August the 3rd, will contain ORIGINAL ESSAYS ADVENTURES, NATIONAL CUSTOMS AND CURIOUS FACTS.

## BOW BELLS,

For August the 3rd, will contain SCIENTIFIC AND EDUCATIONAL ARTICLES, MYSTIC LITERATURE, VARIETIES, WITTY AND HUMOROUS, SAYINGS AND DOINGS, NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS, &c., &c.

## NOTICE.

Enlarged to Twenty-four pages, with an Engraving, and Magnificent coloured Picture of THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD, GRATIS.

## PRICE ONE PENNY.

Any person can remit two stamps and receive a copy post free.  
London: J. DICKS 313 Strand.

## HOGARTH'S PICTURES.

There are few persons who are unacquainted with the name of that great artist, who may have been said to write rather than paint with the brush; but there are vast numbers to whom his admirable works are completely unknown. That this class of persons should desire to have a knowledge of those master-pieces of art is natural enough; and hence our determination to announce the publication of a

## CHEAP EDITION

## OF THE

## WORKS OF WILLIAM HOGARTH;

to be issued in Weekly Penny Numbers and Monthly Sixpenny Parts.

Each Weekly Number will contain eight large quarto pages, two Pictures, with descriptive letter-press from the pen of one of the most eminent authors of the day.

The Monthly Parts will be issued in illustrated coloured wrappers, and may be sent free by post for eightpence.

OBSEQUIES.—On Wednesday, April 27th, Number I was issued in an illustrated coloured wrapper, containing the Portrait of Hogarth, and the first two Pictures of the Series entitled *Marriage à la Mode*, with four large quarto pages of descriptive letter-press. Price One Penny.

In small or remote places, where a difficulty arises in obtaining cheap serial publications, any intending purchaser may forward seven postage-stamps to the publisher, in order to receive the Monthly Part through the post.

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## PART I OF THE WORKS OF WILLIAM HOGARTH

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## TEN LARGE PAGE ENGRAVINGS,

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## NEW STORY OF POWERFUL INTEREST.

In No. 834 of *REYNOLDS'S MISCELLANY* was commenced an entirely new and original story, entitled,

## HOW THE WORLD WAGS;

## OR,

## THE LOVE OF A WHOLE LIFE.

By HENRY LESLIE Illustrated by F. GILBERT.

NOTICE.—In the same number was recommenced the popular series, with full page illustration, entitled

## THE TOURIST'S COMPANION.

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## DORA RIVERSDALE.

## A TALE OF SORROW.

This New and Beautiful Story was commenced in No. 76 of

## BOW BELLS.

One Penny Weekly; Sixpence Monthly. Send two stamps for Specimen Copy to

J. DICKS, 313, Strand, London.

## CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

## ANNIVERSARIES.

D.	D.		H. W. L. B.
23	8	First English newspaper published, 1556	4 46 5 8
24	8	Ninth Sunday after Trinity	5 30 5 55
25	8	French Revolution began, 1830	6 18 6 42
26	8	Duke of Cambridge born, 1797	7 7 7 35
27	8	Sun rises, 4h. 18m.; sets, 7h. 53m.	8 5 8 38
28	8	Robespierre guillotined, 1794	9 15 9 53
29	8	Wilberforce died, 1833	10 31 11 10

Moon's changes.—Last quarter, 25th, 7h. 46m. p.m.

## Sunday Lessons.

## MORNING.

1 Kings 18; St. John 12.

## AFTERNOON.

1 Kings 19; 2 Tim. 3.

## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

\* All communications for the Editor must contain name and address. Rejected manuscripts will not be returned.

PUBLISHING DEPARTMENT.—All letters to be addressed to Mr. JOHN DICKS 313, Strand. Persons unable to procure the PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY News from newsvendors, or agents, may forward the amount for a single number, or for a term of subscription, by money order, payable to Mr. DICKS, so as to receive the Journal direct from the office. A Quarter's Subscription is 2s. 3d. for the STRAPPED EDITION. It is particularly requested that Subscribers will send their address in full to prevent mis-carriage of the paper. The termination of a Subscription will be indicated by the Journal being sent in a blue wrapper. Receipt stamps cannot be received in payment of a subscription to this Journal.

\* Correspondents finding their questions unanswered will understand that we are unable to do so, either from their peculiarity, or that our correspondents with little trouble could readily obtain the information themselves.

T. W.—A young man without interest, however great his educational qualifications may be, has not the remotest chance of obtaining a Government situation. All the necessary details relative to obtaining such situations are given in a work called "Under Government," price 6s., published by Bell and Daldy, Fleet-street.

C. G. H.—Members of Parliament have not regular seats allotted them in the house, but contrary generally leaves them in the possession of the places they are accustomed to occupy. Some of the senators attempted a while ago to secure their seats by leaving their hats as a substitute; but after a grave discussion it was decided that, for the desired end, the heads must be present too.

M. W. J.—Under the circumstances you mention, a son is not compelled to allow anything in the shape of a maintenance for his mother.

O. E.—Situations in the Bank of England are obtained by means of interest with the directors. It is difficult to obtain a clerkship in that establishment. An excellent knowledge of arithmetic and accounts, a good handwriting, and a sound commercial education generally, are indispensable qualifications.

DURAND ONE.—Send us your address, and we will recommend you a respectable and intelligent London solicitor. An ordinary case of divorce costs £30.

## THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.

SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1864.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

In a few days many of the Peers and Commoners who are now gasping in this sultry east wind will be striding over the moors; and we hope they have grace enough to be thankful for the near approaching change. In a few weeks they will be moving over the stubbles; and as the partridges promise to be plentiful the sportsmen must keep in line, and well up to the dogs or the beaters. Then will be seen the remnant of an old system striving feebly, but obstinately, to hold its ground with a new. The youngsters will advance along without a pause, and for a little time the line will move without a check. Suddenly, however, there will in all probability be loud cries of "Hold hard!" Every one is made to stand still. The birds get up out of distance, people lose their tempers, irate expletives pass from mouth to ear, the keeper himself is evil-spoken of, and every body asks his neighbour what is the matter. At last the vexatious truth passes in a whisper along the line, Squire Squaroties is in the field. Squire Squaroties has come out armed only with one gun, and that a muzzle-loader! There is an end of all comfort and companionship in the day's shooting. All day long the antiquated shouts of "Down charge!" and "Hold hard!" are heard, and the greater part of the day is consumed by the breech-loading sportsmen in waiting while the squire is pouring in his powder and manipulating his shot pouch and poking about for his caps, explaining all the time to his polite companions that he can load quite as fast as any one of them, and that he wouldn't give up his old Joe Manton for any of their new-fangled popguns. It's a capital gun, and Squaroties shoots very well with it; and so did his great-grandfather with a bird-bolt, and so did his father with a flint gun; but this single muzzle-loader is nevertheless a nuisance and encumbrance to the whole party. With all deference to the joyous campaigners who have been trolling their ditties in the moonlight round the camp-fire at Wimbledon, they are but so many Squaroties. If they were put shoulder to shoulder with a crack Continental corps, with their caps, and their ramrods, and their mallets, they would be very fine fellows and capital shots, but as shooting machines their efficiency would only be about one-fourth that of their companions. They would be defenceless when their companions were armed; they would be undergoing long intervals of exposure while their comrades were always on the offensive; in fact, they would be loading while the others were shooting. In modern days everything takes the character of machinery, and the results of mere handiwork must be multiplied by ingenious contrivances. A soldier's business is to throw a ball just as a marine steam-engine's business is to make revolutions of a screw or a paddle. The more rifle-balls that can be correctly thrown, or the more revolutions that can be correctly made in a minute, the greater the efficiency. Tried by this test, the Enfield rifle itself is found deficient in the great modern requirement of results. For at least three years the innumerable advantage of the breech-loader over the muzzle-loader has been known to all sportsmen, and it has been practically acknowledged. We own, however, that we were not a little startled by the announcement of the *Army and Navy Gazette* that this truth has not only dawned upon our military authorities, but that a conviction of the theoretical truth has been followed by a most unusual determination to give prompt effect to it in practice. Our infantry are to be armed with a breech-loading rifle. According to all precedent, this is a result that ought to have been postponed for at least forty years. In the regular way this reform ought to have been adopted after a battle lost or an army destroyed. To adopt it at once is a most unprecedented innovation, and we doubt not many heads at the Senior United Service Club are shaking ominously at the intelligence that the British army has condescended

to follow in the wake of foreigners, or to take pattern from the Prussians. We ourselves can hardly believe it.

THERE is a Zealand in the northern hemisphere, and a Zealand in the southern; New Zealand we call it, but no doubt it is a namesake of the northern. Both are islands, and both are occupied by brave and proud races, apt to take a high ground, and well able to defend a moderate one. The mention of the former just now is painfully suggestive. We have had to leave it in the lurch. We have made a good defence, it is true. They were wilful and obstinate. Finding a difficulty in their way, they attempted to ride through it, and break the fence that would not part or bend. But unfortunately the small people that was to reap all this glory could only hope to succeed by our assistance, at our risk and our cost, and in a cause upon which we had tendered our counsels in vain. So, upon counting the cost, we declined to enter on an interminable and unprofitable struggle that did not even promise us the pleasure of doing things as we might think best. Not altogether without loss of credit, we backed out of the affair. We have not been so fortunate in the other hemisphere with the other Zealand. There, too, we have to play second fiddle to a colonial legislature; there, too, we have to find all the ships, all the men, all the money—everything, in fact, with the single reserve that we are not to be allowed a voice in the conduct of affairs. We are to maintain an army, which we have seen put at 10,000 men, and a fleet, both provided with the best new rifled guns and muskets, and subsisted at the cost of several thousand pounds a day, without having even the chance of being listened to a moment either as to the conduct of the war or as to our dealings with the natives. All that we know and that we learn, especially from the mail, is that we are driving the savages from one resting point to another, that we are doing our work with that weapon which strikes down women and children even before it touches the fighting men—starvation, and that meanwhile we are acquiring no glory, not even the very small glory to be picked up by clearing off savages with courage and skill. We are out-generalled; we are surprised; we fall into ambushes; we are beaten at a stand-up fight; a whole regiment is put to the rout, and its officers shot down while trying in vain to rally their men; after thundering for hours against wooden stockades, our men are scared and paralyzed by "terrible yells." We are not even allowed the opportunity of retrieving our disgrace, for the enemy escape in the night. Upon counting heads, with more than a hundred killed and wounded on our side, we cannot hope to have disabled more than forty of the foe. So we have to content ourselves with the beggarly consolation that, though we are killing the natives slowly, they are only 60,000; and that though we don't shoot many, yet famine and disease are doing our work, and we shall eventually succeed in exterminating a brave and high-spirited race.

## HARWICH REGATTA.

THIS annual regatta took place last week, when the project of Mr. A. Arcedeckne, of having the ocean race of his club to Harwich, realised to the full his expectation of promoting good fellowship with the Royal Harwich Yacht Club and causing fine sport. So gratified were the Harwich folks with Mr. Arcedeckne's conduct, and so well did Mr. James Goodson, the commodore of the Royal Harwich, appreciate it, and the kind offer of Mr. Arcedeckne to place his ship, the *Violet*, schooner, at the service of the committee, that the officers assembled, with a number of other yachting gentlemen, on the platform of the Great Eastern Railway, on the Wednesday, and welcomed his arrival, by the mid-day train, with a band of music and other marks of respect.

The following were the results of the regatta:—  
Match for 60 guineas, by yacht of any rig, above 25 tons. First prize 50 guineas, presented by the Harwich Yacht Club; second prize, 10 guineas, by the directors of the Great Eastern Railway.

The following entered:—*Surf*, 54 tons; *Syren*, 49; *Glance*, 85. The *Surf* took the lead, and kept it, coming in twenty-two minutes ahead of the *Glance*, but lost the first prize through fouling the committee boat, and carrying away Mr. Arcedeckne's topmast. The *Glance* took the prize accordingly.

Match for a piece of plate, value 20 guineas, given by Commodore Jas Goodson, for schooners not exceeding 35 tons.

The following entered:—*Waterwitch*, 20 tons; *Violet*, 13; *Ariel*, 12.

The *Waterwitch* took the lead, and kept it, coming in four minutes ahead of the *Ariel*, which, with the time allowance of half a minute per ton, made a dead heat of it.

Match for prizes value 20 guineas, for yachts not exceeding 15 tons.

The following competed:—*Dione*, 12 tons; *Waveney*, 12; *Alexandra*, 14; *Dada*, 15; *Satanella*, 13.

The *Satanella* took the lead, and kept it, winning by a minute and a quarter, after deducting the time allowance. The *Alexandra* was dismantled soon after the start.

A Sailing Match for 15 guineas, presented by Captain Jervis, M.P. for Harwich, for dredging and fishing boats, was won by Baron's Paragon.

A Rowing Match, by amateurs in four-oared boats, was won by a crew of the Fretel Rowing Club, calling themselves "The Why Not."

Four-oared Galleys Race, won by Stuart's Minnie.

Pair-oared Race, won by R. Marten's Wave.

Extra Match, for pairs, won by W. Fenner's Emily.

We give, on page 85, a sketch of the course, with Harwich Church in the distance.

## CORNISH WRESTLING.

THE principal sport of the men of Cornwall, and particularly that of the mining population, is essentially wrestling. These bouts are always carried out with spirit at every available opportunity; and it is rare indeed for a gathering of this kind to pass without realizing the subject of our illustration on page 84, "The Disputed Fall." The prizes, on special occasions, vary from five sovereigns down to a hat. In wrestling, as in many other games, the battle is not always to the strong. Sometimes a light-weight will throw an herculean fellow, almost a giant in appearance—just such another as we have pictured in our illustration. He appears terribly "riled" at his defeat, and, as a matter of course, disputes the fairness of the fall. The umpire's decision is called in, and let the conquered dispute it as loudly as he may, he dares not go against the decision. The hubbub of course is great; but the umpires who have to curb the noisy disputants are usually captains of the mines with certain sporting tendencies; and the magisterial manner in which they discharge their functions is certainly somewhat amusing to the spectator. Their final decision is given in a style which shows the sense they entertain of their own importance.



## General News.

THE Great Eastern is now moored in Sheerness harbour, where she will remain until she has shipped the whole of the Atlantic telegraph cable manufactured at the works of Messrs. Glass and Elliott, East Greenwich, and which will be conveyed down the river in sections on board small steam vessels. It is calculated that the work of shipping the whole cable on board will occupy nine months.

We have to record the death of Lady Mary Fox, second daughter of the late King William IV and Mrs. Jordan. The late Lady Mary Fox was born December 19th, 1798, and married 18th June, 1824, Lieutenant-General Charles Richard Fox, a natural son of the late Lord Holland, and Accountant-General of the Duchy of Lancaster.

THE Grand Duke Alexis and Nicholas of Russia are on board of the screw frigate *Sweetland*. They wear the uniform of the marine cadets and perform the service of the watch like the other pupils.

DURING the last two months, 6,700 persons have passed through Panama on their way to San Francisco.—*Panama Star*, June 21.

THE *Morning Post* states that a change is about to be made in the armament of our troops. It is understood that the committee appointed to consider the subject have strongly recommended that the whole of our infantry should be furnished with breech-loading rifles, and there appears to exist little doubt but that the recommendation will be acted upon.

As Marshal Niel was taking a drive in his phaeton at Toulouse, one of the horses fell, and the shock threw the marshal out of the carriage and broke one of his ribs. The accident, however, is not expected to be attended with any serious consequences.

THE Emperor Napoleon will not this year attend any public concerts or theatrical representations at Vichy. His Majesty has decided on availing himself of a complete repose. He attends only to the most urgent demands of State, which are got over at an early hour in the morning, with the assistance of M. Moquard.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL ARBUTHNOT has been moved from the colonelcy of the 89th Regiment to that of the 91st Highlanders, in the room of Lieutenant-General Murray Hay, Major-General Gascoyne succeeding to the colonelcy thus rendered vacant.

An order has been issued granting an increase of one shilling per week in the pay of 180 sergeants of the metropolitan police from Monday.

On Monday, the workmen engaged by the builders of the Savoy chapel prepared to commence operations for its re-erection.

In an action before Mr. Baron Pigott, tried at Newcastle-on-Tyne, a widow recovered the sum of £2,300 as compensation for the loss of her husband. He was killed on the North-Eastern Railway, near Malton, in Yorkshire, by the train running over a bridge at the foot of an embankment. The husband was thirty-five years of age, and had only been married two months when the accident happened. The railway company offered £1,500 compensation, but the jury insisted on adding £750 to it.

A VERY heavy thunderstorm passed over Wiltshire and a portion of Dorsetshire on Sunday. At Shaftesbury some corn stores were fired by the lightning and burnt. At Warminster the water was ten or twelve inches deep in the streets. Some trees were splintered by the lightning, and at Corsey an old woman named Mary Haines was struck down, and seriously injured. Her cottage was fired, and the flames soon spread to three other cottages adjoining, which were totally destroyed. The inmates were unable to save much of their furniture, and they have consequently been left almost destitute.

A LETTER from Rome says:—"The environs of Albano are enchanting, and they are not rendered the less so by the occasional unexpected appearance of the young Queen of Naples at some picturesque turn in an ilex avenue, seated gracefully on her beautiful thoroughbred, and wearing an admirably fitting grey habit, a remarkably spiky pork-pie hat, and her glossy hair in a Spanish net descending to an audacious length down her slim back. The King drives about alone a good deal in a low one-horse carriage, but his uncle, the Count of Trapani, has his lofty phaeton generally full of ladies."

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has been pleased to signify, through Lieutenant-General Knollys, his approval of the organization and utility of the Commissionaires, and has sent a donation of 25 guineas to the endowment fund of the corps. Among the regiments that have lately subscribed for the same object are the 2nd Dragoon Guards, the 8th Hussars, and the 16th Lancers. During the past week Miss Nightingale sent a donation of £25.

## CARRYING HAY ON THE LAKE OF GENEVA.

HAY-MAKING is generally very pleasant, and this year it has been particularly so. The magnificent weather has been all that the farmer could desire for the getting in of his hay harvest. With the hay-making scenes of home our readers are generally familiar; and we take this opportunity of presenting them with an engraving (which will be found on page 92), by M. Paudet, a French artist, of a scene on the Lake of Geneva, at this season of the year, representing the carrying of hay by moonlight.

DEATH OF SAILORS IN CALCUTTA.—There is no port in the world where the normal rate of mortality among sailors is so high as in the port of Calcutta. This partly arises from the fact that seamen commonly drink the abominable water of the river, or a still more deadly poison which is sold to them in the bazaars. Even in the best of the bazaars, those intended for the supply of Europeans, the things sold are often most abominable. But the poor are compelled to live on what an Irish peasant would throw away as offal. Our sailors, when they come here, find that they are in a very thirsty land. They stick a thin cap on their heads and make all sail for the bazaar, where they can get something cheap to drink; for, at our hotels, a rupee is the standard price for what is called a "peg." The sailor cannot afford that, and so he strolls towards a den of unspeakable infamy called Flag-street. If he does not get struck down with sunstroke on the way, he finds himself in a narrow thoroughfare, the usual open festering drain on each side, and with little low native huts to which access is gained by a plank. In one of these places he pays two annas (3d.) for a glass of what is called champagne cognac, and which is in reality a native preparation drugged with datura, a deadly poison, or cocculus indicus. Out of these sinks of infamy some of these poor fellows never come alive, and in Calcutta there is no registration of births and deaths, so that it is quite impossible to get exact returns of the number of men who thus perish. It has been estimated by Dr. Coeyers, president of the Medical College, that the proportion of deaths among our sailors is "a very near approach to annual decimation, or total extinction in ten years." In a single year 170 sailors were taken to an hospital in Calcutta suffering from delirium tremens.—*Letter from Calcutta.*

AN ASS STUNG TO DEATH BY BEES.—At Oldwark, near Selkirk, a few days ago, an ass strolled into a garden, and nearly upset a beehive, the inmates of which immediately rushed out upon the intruder like a cloud, inflicting such severe injuries, that the poor animal died shortly afterwards in great agony.—*Edinburgh Courant.*

KENDALL'S STIMULANT AND DETERGENT restores the Hair by stimulating removing scurf, and preventing its falling off. It gives a beautiful gloss and perfume. Price 1s. 6d., of any Chemist, or by post twenty-eight stamps, from Kendall, chemist, Clapham-road, London.—[Advertisement.]

## Theatricals, Music, etc.

HER MAJESTY'S.—The season proper was brought to a termination on Saturday evening with "Mirella," being the sixth performance of M. Gounod's new work. The success of "Mirella" has, indeed, surpassed expectation. After the somewhat lukewarm favour it had met with in Paris, its triumphant reception could hardly have been anticipated in London. But those who argued thus did not consider that the music of "Mirella" is far more difficult than that of "Faust," and that the performance in general required superior artists. When Mdlle. Titiens was substituted for Madame Miolan-Carvalho, Mdlle. Trebelli for Madame Faure, Signor Giuglini for M. Morini, Mr. Santley for M. Ismael, and Signora Gassier and Junco for two inferior singers, a far greater effect was the natural consequence, even without reference to the vast superiority of the band and chorus of Her Majesty's Theatre over those of the Theatre Lyrique. That "Mirella," therefore, would obtain a more enthusiastic and real success in London than in Paris might have been predicted. But there is another reason why M. Gounod's opera should have met with more decided success with us, namely, because the best music is better understood and more thoroughly appreciated by Englishmen than Frenchmen. But whatever the cause, the fact is positive. "Mirella" is far more admired and applauded at Her Majesty's Theatre than it was at the Theatre Lyrique, and is certain to have a more enduring success. The cheap nights commenced on Monday evening, followed up on Tuesday and Thursday, and another this evening (Saturday). The bills of fare for these nights were very enticing. On Monday "Il Trovatore," with Madame Harriers-Wippen (Leonora—her first appearance in that character in England), Mdlle. Grossi (Azucena—ditto, ditto, ditto), Signora Giuglini, Bossi, Manfredi, and Casaboni, and Mr. Santley. On Tuesday, "Faust," with Mdlle. Titiens and Trebelli, Madame Tacani, Signora Giuglini, Gassier, and Bossi, and Mr. Santley; on Thursday (first time this year), "Oberon," with Mdlle. Titiens, Trebelli, Volpiat, and Grossi, Signora Gardoni, Bettini, and Gassier, and Mr. Santley; and this evening (Saturday) "Mirella." No doubt the cheap-price nights will extend themselves into several weeks.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—The Italian opera season at Covent Garden Theatre is drawing to a close, although there seems no diminution in the crowded and fashionable audiences assembling to witness each performance. On Monday "Il Barbiere di Siviglia" was produced for the last time this season, with Rosina and Miss Adeline Patti. On Tuesday "Faust," and on Thursday "L'Elisir d'Amore." This evening (Saturday), the accomplished vocalist Madame Jenny Bauer, who has been too long absent from the Lyric stage, appears in Meyerbeer's grand opera of "L'Etete du Nord," when Madame Miolan-Carvalho makes her appearance at the same time as Catarina. The lady will be sure to receive a hearty welcome from the public, who have not yet forgotten that her qualifications as a vocalist are of a very high order.

SADLER'S WELLS.—Miss Eliza Hamilton and Mr. T. Woolcott Neale have been expressly engaged for the chief characters in the new and original burlesque, announced as "Arlene," and to be produced on the 25th instant at this theatre. Mr. Edmund Phelps and Miss Kate Stonor (her first appearance) are also expressly engaged for the first pieces. Mr. B. Isaacson is the musical director.

## THE DRAMATIC COLLEGE FETE.

THE fete and fancy fair for the benefit of decayed actors and actresses, which has now become an established institution, was held on Saturday and Sunday, at the Crystal Palace. At this time of the year it is impossible for the palace to look otherwise than well; but with the elegant fancy stalls that are now scattered along the transept and about the nave, each draped most fancifully with pink and white muslin, the whole set off by the thousands of elegantly-dressed ladies, the scene was enchanting—almost fairylike. All who saw it will bear the recollection of it long in their minds, and we venture to believe will, whilst they look back with pleasure to the past fete, look forward with hope to the one next year. The scattering of the stalls, instead of placing them close together as was done last year, is a great improvement. Not only does it prevent the intolerable crush to some extent, but it affords something like an opportunity to the admirers of our popular actresses to see off the stage those who on many evenings have from behind the footlights provoked their laughter or touched their hearts by their humorous or their tragic representations. That to see the actresses of the stage is one of the objects of those who patronize these fetes there can be no doubt, for around each of the tasty little stalls there was a considerable crowd. True, there was much on every stall to admire, but the eyes of those about them were rather directed to the fair vendors than to the thousand and one trifles, useful or ornamental, which they with coaxing manners, sweet words, and the most charming of smiles, endeavoured, and not unsuccessfully, to force those who came within their range to purchase, not always at the most moderate prices; indeed, for the time every one seemed to have forgotten the value of money, and it flowed out of their pockets at the magic and sweet words of command of the actresses, and into the exchequer of this excellent charity in a manner that would be surprising did we not know the unbounded liberality of Englishmen when a work of genuine benevolence has to be accomplished. Too much could not be said in acknowledgment of the services the ladies rendered to this charity, and it affords us much pleasure to state that the amateur and energetic saleswomen whose names ornamented the stalls were Mrs. Stirling, Mrs. A. Mellon, Mrs. Billington, Mrs. St. Henry, Mrs. Howard Paul, Mdlle. Stella Colas, the Misses Kate Carson, Caroline Carson, Fanny Josephs, Patti Josephs, C. Saunders, Aylmer, H. Lindley, Minnie Davis, Fanny Hunt, Elsworth, Harleau, Katharine Hickson, Agnes Bardett, Lavine, Charlotte Willard, Wright, Wentworth, Teresa Furtado, Fanny Morelli, Cottrell, Polly Marshall, Dalton, Lydia Maitland, and Sheridan. But whilst the ladies did their part so well the actors were no less energetic. Amongst the most active were Messrs. Robert Keeley, J. B. Buckstone, J. L. Toole, Paul Bedford, Nelson Lee, Addison, Joseph Robbins, Howard Paul, J. Clarke, H. Widdicombe, Thomas Stuart, H. G. Neville, Arthur Sketchley, George Dolby, R. Phillips, Harold Power, J. Billington, R. Romer, R. Atkins, W. J. Hurlstone, Worboys, C. J. Smith, C. H. Stephenson, W. H. Eburne, R. Sontar, James Francis, W. H. Payne and Sons, H. Myers, Nye Chart, Sifton Parry, E. Garden, G. Vincent, John Povey, W. Templeton, Unsworth, Eugene, Cormack, Matt Howell, J. B. Johnstone, Paulo, Conway, Thorne, E. Dyas, Morelli, Fitzpatrick, G. Yarnold, and John Kourie.

The opening of the fair took place at noon. Mr. R. Romer acting as herald, arrayed in gorgeous scarlet, with a grand procession, pursuivants, men at arms, flags, banners, music, cheering, &c., declared the great fair to be open, making a humorous proclamation in verse.

Leaving Richardson's Theatre after the performance of the great prize drama entitled "Cherikwhiskey; or, The Loves of Betsy and Jack," written by A. Charles, Esq., in sanguinary ink, we come upon Wombwell's Menagerie. At the entrance stand several gentlemen, who declare the beauties and wonders to be seen inside, for ever "the (h) animals are about to feed," and the huge lump of raw beef is held up to the admiring gaze of the crowd as a corroboration of the announcement that the beasts really are about to be fed. Within there is a strange collection—there is the pelican of the wilderness, who came to this country for the especial purpose of

aiding this good cause. Mr. Addison, in his velveteens, acts the part of keeper; he describes with great humour the peculiarities of the rarities by which he is surrounded—lecturing on animals in general and Jerusalem ponies in particular.

Toole and Paul Bedford also appear in their magic cave—the former as the real genuine "prestidigitateur," and the latter as the boy in buttons. Toole's tricks are exceedingly good, but Paul Bedford in the jacket and buttons is an irresistible page. He says very little; Mr. Toole does all that is necessary in that way, but his page, who he says "is so young," looks a deal, and causes an immense amount of laughter. There was a peculiarity about this show that did not attach to any other, at all you had to pay going in, but here an opportunity was afforded of paying on going out, and the jocular appeal, backed up by an occasional "Do, now," of the gentleman who held the hat at the door, met with a far more general response than might have been expected.

Unsworth and Eugene lent a helping hand, the former making stump speeches at the rate of five or six an hour; and the two appeared in a burlesque opera which was of the most extravagant and laughable kind.

"Gingell's Hall of Magic" was patronised to the same astonishing extent as every other exhibition, also the Tortoiseshell Tom Cat and Singing Mouse, the Museum of Antiquities, the Horse Show, the American Marmad, the Marvellous Tight-rope Dancer, the "White Lilies of the Prairie," and a host of other curious things. Panch was there; Jack in the Green, with Mr. Romer! for My Lady. A dozen bands, with the most powerful of drummers and sonorous of drums, with the shouting of those who proclaimed the advantages of their particular shows, produced a confusion of sound, a perfect babel and excitement throughout the proceedings. As a sample of the prices paid for various articles we may mention that one gentleman paid £1 for one of the gloves that had been worn by Stella Colas; dangerous, indeed, was it to touch any article, for the penalty for meddling was purchasing Mrs. Stirling, who worked with an energy and good humour every one must have appreciated, fixed more than one gentleman by assing her to reach him a doll or some other trifling article. No sooner was it in his hands than the "Thank you, Sir, if you please, and it is not dirt cheap at the price?" There was no resisting. The only way out of the difficulty was to pay. Miss Elsworth and many of her fair sisters wandered about in the crowd and waylaid their friends, placed a flower in their button-holes, and left it to their generosity to give what they would in return for the sake of the charity. Many a coin, gold or silver, thus found its way into the treasury chest, which, we are happy to believe, seems to have been as heavy as the most energetic and ardent promoters of the fete could have desired.

The fair duly opened, each man went off to his post, and any number of different bands played any number of different tunes, and any number of different people proclaimed with stentorian voices the merits of any number of different shows, which were erected in the nave of the building to the right and left of the transept. There was Richardson's show, true to the life with its ballet girls, its clowns, its countrymen, and its dandy parading in its front to excite the imagination of the gazers without and tempt them to invest their shilling to see what there was within. "We are about to commence," was the oft reiterated assertion, and verily the delay between each performance was not long, for, as one audience left at the back door, another, whose expectations had been excited to the uttermost by the—shall we say decoys in front—eagerly rushed in at the front, and when within they had an opportunity of seeing Toole and Paul Bedford in one of those sensational dramas which used to be produced in the palm days of our great fairs, and which was entitled "Don Sobre Izquierdo; or, Alfred and Florencia," in which, with all their molo-dramatic glories, were portrayed the loves of Alfredo and Florencia, the hateful conduct of other parties, and the yielding of the fair Florencia to the promptings of tender passion.

OPERA DI CAMERA.—We understand that immediately after the close of the present season, at the Gallery of Illustration, Mr. German Reed will follow up his previous success in the production of opera di camera with a new work from the pen of one of our most popular composers.

Mr. W. S. WOODIN continues to delight his admiring audiences at the Polygraphic Hall with his imitable impersonations in his "Elopement Extraordinary" and "Bachelor's Box."

Mr. ARTHUR SKETCHLEY's entertainment of "Paris," and "Mrs. Brown at the Play," is as attractive as ever. No one can visit him at the Egyptian Hall without being convulsed with laughter at his entertaining sketches.

MR. AND MRS. ALFRED WIGAN'S READINGS.—The magnificent vestibule of the grand staircase of Stafford House—granted by permission of the Duke of Sutherland—was filled on Monday afternoon by a brilliant and numerous assemblage of fashionables who had come to hear Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Wigan give a series of dramatic and poetic readings. If we are to judge by the reception awarded to Mr. and Mrs. Wigan in their different recitations, we should decidedly say that a new road to popularity was open to them. Mr. Wigan's declamatory powers are of a high order, and although the highest, the pure tragic, may not be entirely within his scope, he has great variety, and is a consummate master of enunciation. His "readings" yesterday comprised the soliloquy, "To be, or not to be," and the "Advice to the Players," from "Hamlet;" Campbell's poem, "Lochie's Warning;" Southey's "Holly Tree," Hood's "Ode to My Son," and, with Mrs. Wigan, scenes from "The School for Scandal" and "As You Like It." Everybody knows what an excellent comic actress Mrs. Alfred Wigan is, and how versatile her talent in her own line. Few, however, would have given the actress credit for such real sentiment and pathos as she displayed in her recital of "The Bridge of Sighs." It was indeed most exquisite and most touching, and made an immense effect.

## Sporting.

## BETTING AT TATTERSALLS.

GOODWOOD STAKES.—2 to 1 agst Lord Coventry's Thalestris (t); 10 to 1 agst Mr. Scott's Stanton (t); 12 to 1 agst Mr. Ten Broeck's Canonette (t); 100 to 7 agst Count de Lagrange's Guillaume de Taciturne (off).

GOODWOOD CUP.—5 to 1 agst M. Lupin's Dollar (t); 5 to 1 agst Mr. Merry's Scottish Chief (off).

ST. LEGER.—5 to 2 agst Mr. Anson's Blair Athol (off, t 3 to 1); 7 to 2 agst Lord Glasgow's General Peel (t); 9 to 2 agst Mr. Merry's Scottish Chief (off, t 5 to 1); 1,000 to 40 agst Captain White's Cambruscan (t); 33 to 1 agst Mr. Bowes's Claremont (t).

DERBY.—15 to 9 agst Mr. Merry's Liddington (t t); 33 to 1 agst Mr. Merry's Wild Charley (t); 35 to 1 agst Mr. Merry's Dilly Dally (t); 40 to 1 agst Mr. G. Bryan's Ostregor (t); 1,000 to 15 agst Captain White's Joker (t).

The following notice was posted in the room:—

"Count Bathany gives notice that he will apply to the stewards of Stamford races to re-her the question about the start for the Wothorpe Biennial Stakes, or to consent that he should submit the case to the Jockey Club."

"Tattersall's July 18."

HORNMAN'S TEA is choice and strong, moderate in price, and wholesome to use. These advantages have secured for this Tea a general preference. It is sold in packets by 2,380 Agents.—[Advertisement.]





THE FIRST BATH—NOT AT ALL AGREEABLE.

## SUMMER EXCURSIONS.

## AT THE SEA-SIDE.

Who will say that life at the sea-side is monotonous after gazing on the animated scene pictured in our large illustration on the opposite page, or the "moving incidents by flood and field," as shown in the life-sketches before us? Who will deny the bracing properties of the sea breezes, or the invigorating effects of a dip in "the ocean wave"? Look at the fair and graceful forms skipping gracefully over the shingly beach, with ringlets "streaming in the wind."

But let us begin with these little sketches, and how can we commence better than with "the first bath?" Of course, it is not at all agreeable. It has, doubtless, been hard work for "the old Salt" to get the little fellow away from "his anxious mamma on the strand." She is watching that he should be taken up tenderly by those rough hands; and as we cannot wait to see him have his first dip, we will turn to those sportive mermaids or sea nymphs, enjoying a game of "bobbing around" in the bright blue sea. They are not afraid of the somewhat rough breakers dashing the spray around them. They court the



MERMAIDS, OR SEA NYMPHS.

waves rather than avoid them. In the next sketch we see one of the fair water-nymphs going to the machines. Her hair is netted up closely beneath the wide sea-side hat, and we can readily imagine, after such a dashing and splashing in the water, that the young lady's hair would be considerably "out of curl" on her return.

Next we have a young gentleman who has been indulging in an undue quantity of unripe fruit, and the effects of which are apparently by no means pleasant. We have seen a similar distortion of countenance on hearing an itinerant German band. Not that we imagine the two feathered individuals of the Garibaldian (musical) band would so play on our feelings. These distinguished foreigners are well known to our principal sea-sides during the season, and mighty important personages they are in their estimation.

We have next the result of paterfamilias leaving his hat on the sands. The juveniles are as busy as navigators, filling it with sand, while the owner has possibly been helping his better half on the donkey, that doesn't seem inclined to go. She doesn't seem particularly pleased at her situation, but is on the point of "looking daggers" at the impudent fellow



THE STYLE OF HAIR BEFORE AND AFTER BATHING.



THE EFFECTS OF EATING GOOSEBERRIES BEFORE BATHING.



HERR SCHRAHPO AND SIGNOR TENORI, OF THE GARIBALDIAN (MUSICAL) BAND.



THE RESULT OF LEAVING YOUR HAT "ON THE SANDS."



THE OLD LADY THAT WOULD, AND "THE DONKEY WHAT WOULDN'T GO."



SOOTIFUL KERMELIERS"—ALL BARNI-CLES.



THE IMPUDENT GENTLEMAN FOUND NEAR THE LADIES' BATHING MACHINES.





THE SEASIDE DURING THE SUMMER SEASON. (See page 88)



who will persist in getting a sight of her features, so well shaded beneath her broad hat. She may possibly feel annoyed at that itinerant vender of shell flowers, who has been so pertinacious with his "bootiful kermelias, all barnicles, or he'll eat 'em." The old lady don't care for the old gentleman, dressed up in dandified style to make him look young again. He always will persist in taking his stand near the ladies' machines, and there he will stay, with eyeglass in hand, throughout the whole morning. He is also well known, and if he were not, we do not feel inclined to waste our time on these impertinent pests, always to be found at the seaside.

Let us rather return to the busy picture on the opposite side. Who would not like to e-cort some of those fair young beauties over the shingles, or gracefully hand them down the rocks? We should not like, however, to have that young eavesdropper listening behind our silk umbrella while whispering in that young lady's ear, and flustering her upon the "sketch" she has evidently produced. To oblige some of those fair creatures, we should have no objection to take hammer in hand and chip away at some of the stones, in search of Brighton or some other diamonds, though we should not be able to produce such a geological description of them as that distinguished *searant* who is here so carefully noting down the results of his research.

But why describe our picture more minutely? Our readers have doubtless enjoyed many a similar scene. If they have not, we pity them, and advise them to hurry off to the sea-side at once. In our next, we shall give other sea-side sketches, so that those who cannot avail themselves of these pleasant relaxations from business, may at all events have some little knowledge of what is going on at the sea-side during the summer season.

#### EXTRAORDINARY PROCEEDINGS IN THE DIVORCE COURT.

In the Divorce Court has been heard a case Hopley v. Hopley. It was a suit instituted by the wife for judicial separation, on the ground of her husband's cruelty; and the respondent, who had been formerly a schoolmaster at Eastbourne, Sussex, and was sentenced to four years' penal servitude for having caused the death of one of his pupils by chastising him too severely, entered an appearance, and pleaded denial and condonation.

Mr. Karlsake, in stating the case, said that the parties were married in 1855, the petitioner being about twenty and the respondent thirty-six years old. The respondent had been educated for an usher, and was a person of considerable mental culture, zeal, and energy. Notwithstanding the disparity of years, he had succeeded in obtaining the affections of the petitioner, and the consent of her parents to their union, which turned out most unfortunate. After the marriage they resided at 22, Grand-parade, Eastbourne, and there were three children issue of the marriage, who were living. The respondent opened a school, and had several pupils. The parties went to Paris and other parts of the Continent immediately after the marriage, and on the day when the ceremony was solemnized the respondent informed his wife that he did not intend to cohabit with her until she had received such training at his hands as would qualify her to discharge her duties as the mother of his children. He said he wished to make her a model wife, and that a woman might become a second Christ if she wished. While she was pregnant with her first child he commenced a series of acts of the greatest violence, which continued until the period of his imprisonment for causing the death of the youth Reginald Channell Cancellor. During the term of his confinement in gaol at Lewes, his wife acted with great kindness to him, and at the time of his liberation, as he had no home to go to, she allowed him to take up his residence with her at a cottage at Uckfield, in the neighbourhood of Eastbourne, which had been provided for her by her friends, which circumstance formed the foundation of the alleged condonation. The learned counsel read a letter from the petitioner to her mother, in which she spoke in high terms of her husband during the period of their cohabitation, and said he was instructed to state that that letter was dictated by the respondent; and he also read a letter which the latter delivered to his wife, in which he accused her of not obeying his injunctions. He said that, in addition to acts of violence, the respondent was in the habit of using the most opprobrious epithets, such as calling her "a duce," saying that she was beneath the lowest of his servants, and he accused her of having caused the idiocy of one of their children by her mismanagement.

Mrs. Fanny Hopley, the petitioner, was examined by Dr. Wamsey. She said that her maiden name was Cobb, and that her father was a gentleman of independent means, who resided at Eastbourne. The respondent visited at the house before the marriage. While on the Continent he made the statement to her relative to her becoming "a model wife" before they cohabited. They returned to Eastbourne in about three weeks, and then, by his direction, she commenced to study rules for her guidance in housekeeping, which he had laid down for her. (These rules were put in.) These were given at different times. In January, 1856, she was pregnant, and being angry at some mistake she made in the lessons he had set her, he struck her a violent blow, but she could not say whether he knocked her down. The next act of violence was in the February following, and she suffered so severely from his ill-treatment that she was obliged to go to bed and send for a medical man. On the occasion of the birth of her first child he would not allow her to have a medical man, and she delivered herself. Five days after the birth of the eldest child he compelled her to go out with him in a fly. He took the child with them, and it was deposited in a hamper. (Laughter.) He assigned as a reason for making her go out that it would be a change. She had seen him beat the first child before it could walk, and frequently saw bruises and marks on its person in consequence. In the year 1857 he had thrown lesson books and copy books at her, and frequently spat in her face. On one occasion, when she swallowed a fish-bone, he said it was a great blessing for him, as she was about to be choked. He said he loathed the sight of her, and he had forbidden her to fondle her children. He said he could scarcely keep his hands from her, and threatened to beat out her brains, and he also frequently kicked her in the back. Her eldest child had exhibited idiocy early, and had been placed in Earlswood asylum, but she could not say whether the idiocy took place before or after it had been beaten by her husband. They brought him to London for advice. He said the only mode of getting knowledge from her was by beating it out of her. She might have said that she married him merely for a home, but it was in consequence of his behaviour. He several times called her a "fiend" and a "demon." On one occasion she left him, and went to her mother's, but he had sufficient influence over her, to induce her to return.

Cross-examined: She was visited by her family after the marriage, and her husband treated them kindly and courteously. She did not acquaint her family for some time with the ill-treatment of her husband, but she had some communication with Mr. Jeffreys, an intimate friend of his, on the subject. At length, however, she stated all to her brother, a clergyman, and these proceedings were then commenced. (Letters were read from the petitioner to her husband after he came out of prison, in which she called him her "dearly beloved husband," and related to family matters, and to a pamphlet which he proposed to publish in order to vindicate himself in regard to the death of young Cancellor.) She suffered occasionally from tooth-ache, but not from head-ache, and she denied that she required to undergo a course of medicine. When he upset her by his excitement he used then to scold her. He was no favourite with her family; they considered him very peculiar. She denied that he had shown any desire generally for her health and happiness. He was stiff and precise in his manner, and she used

not to call him "Tom," but Mr. Hopley. (The respondent here wanted to enter into different details relative to one of the children being clothed in flannel and wearing six pairs of socks, which excited much laughter, and which the learned judge decided was entirely irrelevant.)

The respondent's examination lasted three hours.

Sarah McDiarmid said that she was now living at the Royal Hotel, Eastbourne, and had been in the service of Mr. and Mrs. Hopley for two years and seven months. In the March after marriage she saw Mrs. Hopley run out of the dining-room, followed by Mr. Hopley. She noticed fresh bruises on her face. She heard him call her "a little beast," "a lump of deceit," "a viper," and other names. Mrs. Hopley, in her first confinement, had neither doctor nor nurse. Mr. Hopley said that the gipsies were confined under hedges, and that Mrs. Hopley could do the same. There was only one other female in the house at the time—the cook. On the fifth day after her confinement he took Mrs. Hopley out. He also took the child in a fish basket. (Laughter.) She saw him slap the child when it was only a fortnight old, and this was in the presence of Mrs. Hopley. She saw him strike the child frequently when it cried, and he put it in a room by itself, saying he wished to make it perfect. (Laughter.) This was when it was only a month old. He frequently took the child from the mother's breast. His general conduct to his wife was unkind and cruel. She had heard him say that he liked any of the servants in the house better than Mrs. Hopley. She had frequently seen her with red eyes, as if she had been crying. She left the respondent's service of her own accord, and was not discharged.

Several other female witnesses were called, who had been in the service of the respondent, who corroborated the testimony of the last witness. One of them stated that he had sent the children out when the snow was some feet thick on the ground, and that whenever there was a party in the house it was invariably followed by scolding and ill-treatment the following day towards the wife.

Other evidence was also adduced, which closed the petitioner's case.

The respondent, who called no evidence, then addressed the jury. He said that the present proceedings were the result of a conspiracy against him, and he made a strong appeal for indulgence in any defects he might display in the novel position in which he was placed. He stood before the court a broken-hearted and an isolated man, with a blasted character, unable to procure legal assistance to conduct his cause, penniless, homeless, and, except for one brave man, utterly friendless; branded with crime of which he was innocent, and shunned by all his acquaintances, who would not recognize the individual who had just emerged from a gaol with the taint of a foul crime resting on his character. If the verdict of the jury was adverse to him, he would henceforth be without a wife or children, whom he had fondly expected to bring up, but who would never more hear the name of father. He called on the jury to consider the command of the Almighty, "Let no man put asunder those whom God hath joined," and advertising to the offence of which he had been convicted, he asserted that it was part and parcel of the same malicious feeling that dictated the present suit. He addressed the court at some length in the same strain, when it rose.

The jury retired to consider their verdict, and after an absence of two hours and a half returned into court, and stated that they were agreed as to the first issue, but were seven to two on the second issue.

It was then agreed to take the verdict by consent, which was unanimous on the first issue, that the husband had been guilty of cruelty, and on the second issue the majority being of opinion that there had been condonation on the part of the wife.

#### MR. AND MRS. KEAN AT MELBOURNE.

[From the Melbourne Argus.]

On April 30th Mr. and Mrs. Kean took their farewell to the Melbourne stage. After giving two Shaksperian and classical readings in the Mechanics' Institute, at the wish of those of our citizens whose scruples with regard to theatre have prevented their seeing these distinguished artists on the stage, and after paying a brief visit to Sandhurst and to Geelong, Mr. and Mrs. Kean and their party, accompanied by Mr. Coppin, will leave our shores for America, to play a series of farewell engagements there. They first visit San Francisco—probably performing at Honolulu by the way—and afterwards proceed by Panama to the Western States. From thence they return to England, to pass the remainder of life in the enjoyment of the fortune which they have earned in the course of a long and an arduous, but in every respect successful professional life. The play selected for their last appearance at the Haymarket was the tragedy of "King Richard III," and, for the after-piece, the fine old comedy of "The Jealous Wife." During the evening both artists were repeatedly called, and on the fall of the curtain, Mr. Kean stepped forward and bade the audience farewell in the following remarks:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—Painful as it is at all times to bid farewell to friends, how much more painful must it be to Mrs. Kean and myself on the present occasion, when in all human probability we shall never again visit this portion of the globe. In a few days we shall leave the shores of Victoria, never to return; but we shall have the satisfaction of carrying away with us not only the more substantial proofs of your favour, but also the grateful remembrance of the kindness and hospitality we have received during our sojourn amongst you. (Applause.) In years to come, when far away, should our lives be spared, my wife and I will find true enjoyment in the contemplation of the wonders which we have witnessed in this new world, and shall anxiously watch the progress and increasing prosperity of this extraordinary country, wherein we have seen so much to instruct, surprise, and interest us. We shall recall to mind with peculiar gratification the fact of having given utterance to the language of Shakspeare 16,000 miles from home, in a populous city built upon a spot which thirty years ago was a lonely wilderness. Allow me to take this opportunity of stating how fortunate I consider myself in having been associated in business, during our Australian tour, with so upright, truthful, and honourable a man as your old favourite, Mr. George Coppin. (Great applause.) Although this night concludes our theatrical engagement in Melbourne, we have been induced, at the request of many persons, to devote two evenings previous to our departure to readings from Shakspeare and other poets, and I have now the honour to announce that these readings will take place at the Mechanics' Institute, on Wednesday and Thursday week, the 11th and 12th May. Then, ladies and gentlemen, I may say, in the words of our great national poet:—

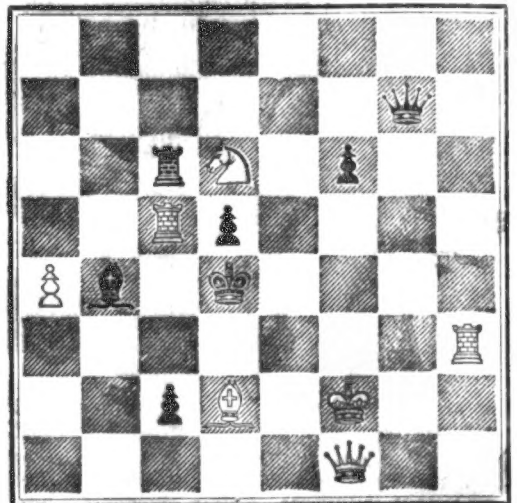
"Whether we shall meet again I know not,  
Therefore our everlasting farewell take!"

Thus closed a brief but most interesting season in the history of the theatre in this colony. During this visit Mr. Kean has performed seventy-five nights in Melbourne and nine in Ballarat. And now that the season has closed, it cannot be otherwise than a satisfaction to those who, with us, warmly welcomed these artists on their arrival that they have played down all distraction, won many and warm friends and admirers by the pure force of genius, and have left behind them a reputation which will be an inheritance to our stage.

GRIM SCENE.—A Malay made an attempt to murder the boat-servant's mate of the ship *Norseman* in her last voyage from Bangkok. The fellow then jumped overboard. Rising in the water, he asked if his victim was dead, and, getting his answer, dived down and was never seen again.—*Straits Times*.

#### Chess.

PROBLEM No. 184.—By R. B. WORMALD, ESQ.  
Black.



White.

White to move, and mate in three moves.

Game played between two amateurs of the Ipswich Club.

- | White.                | Black.               |
|-----------------------|----------------------|
| Mr. G.                | C. W., of Sudbury.   |
| 1. P to K 4           | 1. P to K 4          |
| 2. Kt to K B 3        | 2. Kt to Q R 3       |
| 3. P to Q 4           | 3. P takes P         |
| 4. B to Q B 4         | 4. B to Q B 4        |
| 5. P to Q B 3         | 5. P to Q 6          |
| 6. Q takes P          | 6. P to Q 8          |
| 7. Castles            | 7. B to K 3          |
| 8. B to Q Kt 5        | 8. K Kt to K 2       |
| 9. P to Q R 4         | 9. P to Q R 3        |
| 10. B takes Kt        | 10. Kt takes B       |
| 11. P to Q Kt 4       | 11. B to Kt 3        |
| 12. B to K square     | 12. Castles          |
| 13. Q Kt to Q 2       | 13. Q to K B 3 (a)   |
| 14. R to Q R 8        | 14. Q R to Q square  |
| 15. Q to Q B 2        | 15. Kt to K 4        |
| 16. P to K B 3        | 16. B takes K R P    |
| 17. P takes B         | 17. Kt takes Kt (ch) |
| 18. Kt takes Kt       | 18. Q takes Kt       |
| 19. P to Q B 4 (b)    | 19. Q to R 4         |
| 20. R to K B 3        | 20. P to K B 4       |
| 21. R to Kt 5         | 21. Q takes K R P    |
| 22. P to Q B 5        | 22. R to K B 3       |
| 23. P takes K B P (c) | 23. R to K R 3       |

White resigns.

(a) With the intention of capturing the adverse Q Kt P next move.

(b) Well played; threatening to bring the Q's B into play on the K's side, and also the gaining of a move with the P to shut out the Black B from his attack on his adversary's weakest point.

(c) A hasty move. White cannot now save the game; even to delay the mate, a large sacrifice must be made.

#### SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 179.

- | White.              | Black.          |
|---------------------|-----------------|
| 1. R to K R 6 (ch)  | 1. K takes B    |
| 2. P to R 4         | 2. P to B 5 (a) |
| 3. B to Q B 2       | 3. P takes P.   |
| 4. B takes P (mate) |                 |

(a)

- |                     |              |
|---------------------|--------------|
| 3. B to Q B 2       | 2. K to Kt 3 |
| 4. B takes P (mate) | 3. P moves   |

#### SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 180.

- | White.                  | Black.     |
|-------------------------|------------|
| 1. R to Q B 7           | 1. P moves |
| 2. P takes P            | 2. K moves |
| 3. P to K Kt 7          | do.        |
| 4. P exchanges for Rook | do.        |
| 5. R mates              |            |

#### SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 181.

- | White.             | Black.           |
|--------------------|------------------|
| 1. B to K 4 (ch)   | 1. B takes B (a) |
| 2. Q to Q R square | 2. Any move      |
| 3. Q or Kt mates   |                  |

(a)

- |                    |              |
|--------------------|--------------|
| 1.                 | 1. K takes B |
| 2. Q to Q B 2 (ch) | 2. K moves   |
| 3. Q mates         |              |

C. PARKER.—Your problem is unsound. If Black play 3. Kt to Q 6, we do not see how mate can be given by White next move.

OLIM.—Will you be so good as to indicate the number of the problem to which your solution has reference?

A WOMAN SENTENCED TO DEATH.—At the Pembroke assizes Mary Proust, twenty-two years of age, was charged with murdering her daughter, Ethel Proust, six weeks old, in May last. From the evidence it appeared that the prisoner had been confined of the child in the Nabeth Workhouse, early in April, and had been discharged from the house six weeks afterwards. On May, 20th she was seen in the vicinity in some fields with the baby in her arms, near a pit called Little Pit, and two days after the dead body of the child was taken out of the pit with its skull fractured, apparently by the fall, and other serious injuries on various parts. The prisoner herself confessed that she threw the child into the pit, and ran away. Evidence was given showing that several members of the prisoner's family had been insane, but the medical testimony as to her actual condition pronounced her to be sane in mind. The jury returned a verdict of "Guilty," coupled with a recommendation to mercy, and the judge passed sentence of death in the usual form, advising her to prepare herself for the worst. The prisoner, who appeared indifferent during the trial, was removed from the dock in a fainting state.



JULY 23, 1864.]

PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS

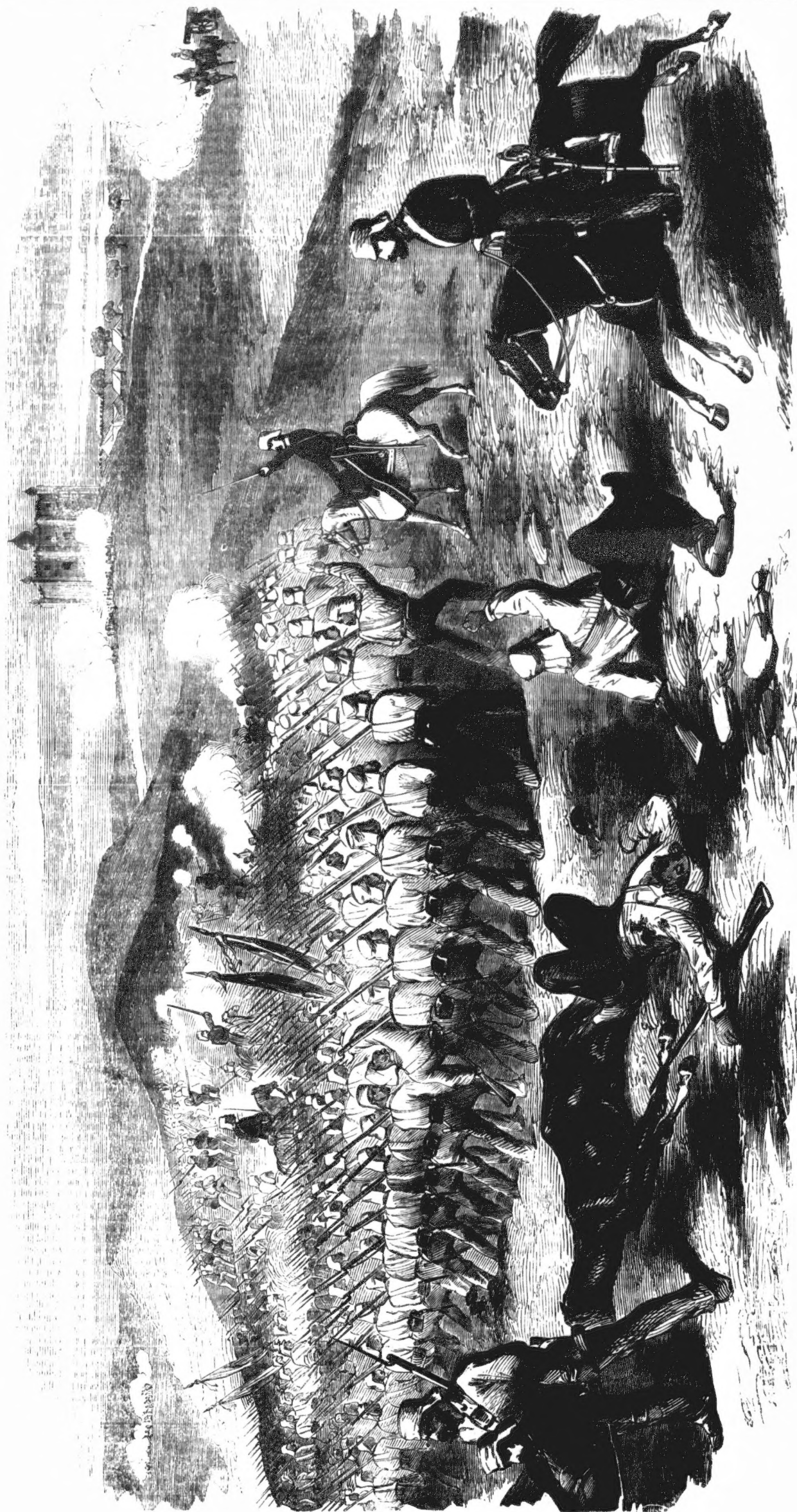
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CARRYING HAY ON THE LAKE OF GENEVA. (See page 87.)





ENGAGEMENT WHILE ON THE MARCH. (See page 94.)

it has been sadly given to swearing.—Havelock's men generally excepted, and they, all the world knows, got the kind names of "saints" for their sobriety.

The fact is, the brigadier had to close the artillery canteen, "in consequence," said the report, "of the gross irregularities which prevailed." Now, the reader ought to be put in full possession of the fact which ended in that military disgrace. I am prepared to take affidavit that the gross irregularities were confined to a few, so few that it was very hard upon the characters of all the artillery-men that their grog-shop was shut up.

To start with, the canteen keeper, as I will call him, wanted (I will put it politely) more firmness than he owned to. This is how it ended.

Some soldiers' wives go to the bad like other men's wives, and one of these women named Sullivan had gone to the bad as far as drinking was concerned. No man ever brought more against her than that, though it must be confessed that her sister soldieresses said that—but it is a way the women have in the army [to

damage each other's reputations frightfully. It is a sort of epidemic which grows upon them.

By the way, the artillery canteen once closed, its contents were removed to that of the respectable 3—th; but that is not telling how Sullivan brought about the catastrophe.

Sullivan's husband, a full private, and a very bad one (he was married before he entered the army, and represented himself as quite a single young man).—Sullivan, poor devil, had come to be transported, and not in the easiest way, about two months before the mutiny broke out. The wife could do nothing but remain hanging on to the rear of the artillery, and so forming a wail of that rabble which clings to the rear of all regiments. She obtained a poor living before Sullivan "got into trouble," as the criminal classes euphuistically put it in referring to imprisonment,—a living obtained by playing on that piano of the poor, the wash-tub, and she contrived to do so after his trouble's began.

Now, Sullivan had always convinced herself that her Jack had got into trouble in consequence of having his hair cut: so short

that his condition was not consistent with self-respect. He had come to her quarters on that occasion with not a quarter of an inch's growth on his head, and the shock the sight gave her was great. She was quite convinced that her Jack began to go "downwards" from that day.

So on that unfortunate 4th of August, being at the canteen, with her general baker and supporter, Mary Nickle, who was a camp-follower with not half Sullivan's vigour of mind, Jack's wife flew at an innocent bombardier who had just entered the establishment for a mild glass of porter and, shaking her fist in his face, called him such a name that my very pen shudders to be in its neighbourhood.

"You're him!" says she, tucking behind her the frayed ends of a black lace shawl, which, rag as it was, looked ghastly in such company. "You're him! Oh, if you was a woman for half an hour, or I was a man for only just five minutes, wouldn't I teach you 'what was what!'"

And then she committed herself to this astounding observation,

## Literature

### HIGHLAND JESSIE; OR, LOTA, THE INDIAN MAID. A TALE OF THE GREAT INDIAN MUTINY.

CHAPTER XC.

A FRIGHTFUL BOW.—LUCKNOW FROM AUGUST 3 TO 8.

As the slow days went in the Lucknow garrison, it is no wonder that some demoralisation cropped out. Please never to forget that the army is not made up of the cream of society, and that at all times



"Ho-ho! Bombardier, 'fishiate yere! Take this man to the guard-room, and 'ave 'is 'air cut! You're him," continues she, viciously smacking her hands close to his, the bombardier's right cheek, "and don't deny it!"

The bombardier did not, for he said nothing, which was a very wise course of conduct. Anything he could have said would have been wrong.

Well, now, who do you think that bombardier was? Tim Flat. Yes. He had on an artillery and bombardier's jacket, with the wheel on it (it had been a dead man's), while his own red coat was being patched up. What? The costume was a little irregular. Well, so it was. But then, you see, they wore what they could get in the Lucknow garrison; and, indeed, if the siege had lasted much longer, the question of what the garrison would have gone about in is one which quite takes the breath away.

Well, there stood a dozen men about the canteen bar, and not one said a word to Mrs. Sullivan. Perhaps, in a rough sort of way, they pitied the woman, and feeling a kind of companionship towards her out of a memory for her rascally husband, who had never been popular in his corps, they did not open their mouths.

"Ho-ho!" she began again, after a moment's cessation. "Bombardier, 'fishiate yere! Take this man to the guard-room, and 'ave 'is 'air cut."

"'Ave 'is 'air cut," says Nicks, Sullivan's weak-minded toady.

And it was at this crisis that Brigadier Inglis passed by and took a note of the proceedings.

The fact is that, upon the occasion to which Mrs. Sullivan referred, an inspecting officer had found that Sullivan had brought more into the artillery than the artillery had bargained for, and hence the ignominious order which had so weighed upon the mind of the artilleryman's wife.

"Bombardier!" says she, viciously at Tim, whom, of course, she supposes to be him who officiated; and "Bombardier" says her miserable double.

And then she burst out again, repeating the accusation in a sort of rhythm, and having it over about a score of times, lashing herself all the time into a more horrible fury.

Well, the brigadier passed again, and he made another and stronger note of the proceedings.

And then Mrs. Sullivan, after asserting fifty times that Tim was the "bombardier," she demanded suddenly, "Oh, are you the bombardier who 'fishiated there, and took 'im to the guard-room and 'ad 'is pore 'air cut?"

"Give you my word—never saw him; never saw you till to-day. Ain't a bombardier, and am in the line."

Whereupon Sullivan burst into tears, and appeared to be ready to swear an eternal friendship, which would have been more trying than the row.

But the mischief was done.

She bought some porter very meekly, handed the tin to her confidante with a tear or two; and when that personage said, "Yere's my respects to yer, Mrs. Sullivan," she replied, "And yere's my respects to you, ma'am—one to you, and two to your cousin, which was my dear mate."

She was very quiet now, but the mischief was done, and the artillery were to be degraded to the position of soldiers who were not to be trusted with a canteen of their own.

The sergeants present were extremely disgusted—your sergeant as a rule generally taking to a gentlemanly tone as he acquires his stripes; and they for the greater part looked very magnificent as the canteen scrub, or help, coaxed Mrs. Sullivan away, now so overpowered with porter and repentance as to be a disgrace not only to womanhood, but to both sexes.

"Horrid thing!" says a sergeant, when she has been prevailed on to retire; "disturbing all the company of gentlemen." The speaker was a high and mighty sergeant.

Says another, of a sarcastic turn, "Smart sort o' woman!"

Whereupon a gentleman, influenced by the savagery of war, says, "She ought to be just hanged."

This observation being followed by this remark from a soldier-butchery, who killed for his company: "Taken out and pole-axed, you mean."

And now all the mischief and danger being over, the canteen proprietor turned up, with a freshness upon him suggestive of a recent cold water bath; and smiling like a canteen Ganymede, he says, with a smile, "And who's the bombardier?"

Whereupon he is met with a jeering laugh by the gentlemanly and protesting sergeants; and this display of public feeling being heard by the staff officer sent down by the brigadier to reconnoitre, settled the business.

The canteen was shut up next day.

In fact, at the beginning of August, things generally looked bad for the garrison. No spy, for any amount of money, could be got to leave the garrison, though the letter proposed to be foraged abroad that the enemy had determined to make sure work, by killing every human being, dark or fair, that should leave the stronghold. However, there was plenty of corn, so far, to supply the wants of the besieged; for it was only about this time that we began to use the flour our people had so laboriously ground.

But the first great catastrophe in August was the sudden announcement that there was next to no tea or coffee in store. Miss Skeggs's nerves went at once.

"Why," said she, "tea makes Christians. Let there once be no tea, the men will all become ruffians, and then where shall we be? I pity us all."

Well, Wilhelmina had to pity them all in two days' time, for it was on the 8th that the announcement came out—no more tea or coffee in store.

"Then we are lost," said Skeggs, and appeared to make up her mind to anything. On the other hand, Mrs. Spankies, being a wise woman in her generation, said, "I wonder where I've thrown the tea-leaves all the while we've been here."

Yes, that is what the English in Lucknow had come to—tea-leaves.

And so they looked more eagerly than ever in the direction of Delhi, whither let us fly and see what they are about.

## CHAPTER XCI.

### AT, NEAR, AND IN DELHI.

THEY were "at it" near Delhi pretty considerably hard by this time. In fact, they were almost prepared to storm Delhi without taking the trouble to invest it.

The conviction having taken firm hold of the mind of the Governor of India that the road to the suppression of the rebellion was through Delhi, every effort was made to overcome that stronghold. Up to the very day of its fall, fresh troops were continually marching on the city, and as continually fighting their way to the front. The enemy was evidently well informed of these movements, and, being in incredible numbers, many an "engagement while on the march" did our fellows go into (a).

(a) ENGAGEMENT WHILE ON THE MARCH.—Our engraving gives a spirited idea of one of those harassing engagements, which much impeded the English advance. Of this very engagement we read from the diary of an officer who took part in the affair:—"Suddenly," he says, "a very sharp fire indeed was directed on us from some place in front. I rushed on, calling on the men to follow. After running up about fifty yards, I suddenly came up with our commandant, and our men halted in front of a steep ridge of rocks (which formed a splendid breastwork). We had such a sharp fire on us that it appeared doubtful whether we could scramble up the breastwork in the face of it, as the ridge of rocks sloped down towards the enemy, and was a little perpen-

Before the city, all were confident of success. As it has been stated, the plan determined upon was to storm the city at one point, and gain the day by sheer hard fighting. It was hopeless to attempt to reduce Delhi by ordinary siege operations. We were not in sufficient force, and, had we been, those operations in such a place as India would have reduced our ranks fearfully.

Meanwhile the city, from the point of view of an ordinary besieged city, being in no way injured by our presence, food was abundant, and the enemy, therefore, plucky. Hence it became a daily necessity to regulate sorties from the city—sorties which even reached our own lines, and, for a time, put us in the position, not of the besiegers, but the besieged.

There was, however, no question of ultimate success.

"Where union is strength"—the proverb is somewhat musty.

The square style of Sergeant and Mrs. McCormack, of the Highlanders, was simply a model of the whole army. The army had set squares to work, and meant to have its way. Of course we had casualties, and, as all the world knows, the Highlanders' bonnets were laid low as well as other and more civilized military head-gear. Casualties!—why Mrs. McCormack herself dropped a tear over the mortal wounding of one of her son's mates, and it occurred really to a looker-on to ask himself whether it, the tear, was square, so very four-sided was the McCormack life.

Every hour before Delhi told upon the city—every hour the English were more confident of success; every half-hour the defenders of Delhi became less able to maintain their hold upon that city.

Meanwhile Phil took things coolly, and in that practical manner which surely is conducive to long life.

He had everything he wanted, and truth compels me to state that, upon the whole, perhaps, he was the best-treated man in the entire city. The old wretched king sent many a kind message to the "sahib doctoh," doubtless with the idea of gently reminding Phil that the probationary month would soon come to an end, when the promised vaccination was to be completed on the royal arm.

He went where he liked, and did as he liked. He got the one white cotton umbrella in the place; he had his two or three suits of white a day; he took his bath; he smoked some of the cigars which were put to his hand—and though whence they came was an idea which troubled him now and then, he felt he might as well smoke them as leave them in their box—so he did.

All the city knew the white sahib doctoh; and, as he thought fit now and then to exercise his professional skill while wandering about, he came to be treated with almost as much awe and reverence as was Lotsa herself. It would have been great fun for those outside to see him going up and down in the shade, his umbrella over his head, and his right hand in a trousers pocket. He was as cool as—no, not as cool as a cucumber, which is a condition quite out of the realms of possibility in India—he was as serene as the climate would permit him to be; and what with bathing, smoking, good living, and that pleasant of coolly defying your enemies, which is as good as any cool water to any thirsty man, his time would have passed pretty comfortably if he had been able to forget Lucknow—a forgetfulness in which, however, he had no desire to indulge. But, practical as he was, he did not cease to remember the starving garrison; and, I believe, he thought far more seriously of the necessities of that garrison, now he was out of it, than at any time when he formed one of its members.

He saw very little of Lotsa, for they had agreed that it might lead to suspicion of her real sentiments; but it may be set down at once that Phil did not condemn her for the part she was playing, seeing that she acted as she did for the sake of a little child.

Talking of the boy Arthur, it should be stated that Phil, in a few stupid words, had, upon one occasion, asked Lotsa to let him see the boy.

"No," she had replied, white-faced in a moment. "If you, an acknowledged Englishman, see the boy, they will suspect, and then once more we may be parted."

And she looked so wild and frightened that Phil never referred to the subject again.

But he saw the boy often, for in one of his cool rambles about the city, he came suddenly upon the laughing boy, playing with his little foster-brothers. Never a word said Phil to the boy, but it is beyond question that he went that way very often, and that he was more satisfied with his walk if he saw the lad than if he did not.

Well, the month was nearly at an end, when Phil was summoned to the King's presence.

"Wait," says Phil, "till I have finished here." He was fixing the broken leg of a child, who had been hit by a half-spent ball.

Then, having slowly completed the operation, he started off to the palace.

"Morning, Delhi!"

"We are the nobler for seeing thee, sahib," said the King. Then he added, "Sahib, the month is at an end."

"No, it is not—not by a week. But I'll suppose it up. Come on."

And, thereupon, Phil produced his instruments.

He had no lack of fresh vaccine fluid, for he had vaccinated a number of poor devils of natives during his horrible imprisonment, and so the King of Delhi was vaccinated with vaccine fluid taken from the arm of one of the very lowest of his subjects—one of the sweeper class of Hindoos.

"Have you finished?" asked the King.

"Quite."

"Am I safe?"

"You are vaccinated."

"Hail—and now, what if I send you to the death you deserved when you were first brought here?"

"Stop—I did not say you were safe."

"What, what does the sahib mean?"

"The operation may not take, and then —"

"Then?"

"Then, Delhi, you are as good, or, rather, as bad as not vaccinated at all."

The poor old childish King started, and then he flinched as Phil stepped forward.

"There is something else to say," he continued; and, leaning forward, he whispered a something in the white left ear of the drivelling potentate, which made that comment upon kingly grandeur turn as pale as one of his wives.

The court drew its breath awe-struck at the effect of those few words. Yet they were simple. The doctor had but whispered to the King that he had been vaccinated from the arm of a sweeper, and that he had lost "caste." No wonder he was humble, for however much the aristocrats of India despise in their hearts the folly of exaggerated caste, they know that in the system lies the whole of their control over the masses.

But secrecy is always awful; and therefore the whole court almost held its breath as the King rose, and almost slavishly accompanied the insolent-looking doctor to the door of the audience-chamber.

"Morning, Delhi," said he, as he left the room and Lotsa entered it.

On our side, up the slope the enemy came running, delivered their fire, and then back again to load. To stay five minutes in that position was certain death to us all. Daly and I drew our swords and rushed up the rocks with a hurrah; a yell from behind told us our men were following as quickly as they could. A few seconds brought a score of them to the field of action. In the meantime, we were rather astonished to find ourselves outnumbered; however, there was no help for it now, except to fight it out. At this instant a number of her Majesty's 60th Rifles came up, and after a little more fighting the enemy were all shot down or bayoneted.

Neither recognised the other.

While the King of Delhi, turning from trying to flatter the Englishman, bowed to Lotsa, and commenced to heap sickly praises upon her—her who thought only of the little child, and of how she could save the boy.

## CHAPTER XCII.

LOTSa was kept in a kind of honorary imprisonment. To speak figuratively, her chains were golden, but they were not any the less galling.

It was very rarely that she saw her little child; and you may guess thereby how much she loved the boy by the pain she caused herself in that separation, and which she maintained for the boy's sake.

Sometimes he was brought near her, and she would glance at him; but the boy's attention was always attracted in another direction than that in which Lotsa was stationed, for had the boy seen her he might have betrayed them both.

She saw him from windows, from behind curtains, from the midst of crowds; and she glanced furtively at the little fellow till the time came when she felt that if she remained where she was she must call to him; and then she went away, and casting herself upon the ground, she wept.

One day, so lying on the ground, she heard a voice say, "Mistress!"

And looking up, behold! it was Vengha.

"Mistress, I have come back to you, as you have come back to the faith you deserted."

And so speaking, and speaking with a full belief in her own words, for Vengha knew of no reason which could lead Lotsa still to deceive, Vengha raised the hem of Lotsa's dress, and kissed it.

What were Lotsa's thoughts as she looked upon the woman?

Have you ever felt that feeling of drifting back into a past misery from which you hoped you had escaped? If so, you can comprehend Lotsa's half-despair as she gazed upon her old enemy.

Then, with the vehemence of entire despair, she at once began playing the deceiver against this woman.

She saw the child no more, and gave orders to the faithful Kristos Jeth never to let the boy pass the door of his house.

Immediately afterwards, in a brief interview with Phil, called to her under pretence of exercising his doctorial faculties, she confided the boy to his watchfulness. Then she set to work to fight a woman's battle with Vengha.

But she was young—Vengha old; she truthful by nature—Vengha lying, by virtue of a long life of deception. Lotsa had no chance with Vengha.

Three days after her return, Vengha lay winding her coils of thought round Lotsa. Like many others in deep cogitation, she outspoke her thoughts.

"Why is she happy? What if she have come back to the faith of her childhood—why is she happy? Why does she not yearn after the memory of her child? She does not—she is happy. I will learn wherefore—I WILL, I WILL!"

"How do, Vengha?" here asked a cheery voice.

It belonged to Phil, who had been indulging in one of his white-umbrella'd rambles, and so had fallen upon his old antipathy, Vengha.

"You here, sahib?"

"Ha! you're here, I see, Vengha. And pray who is it that's happy?"

"Lotsa," she said, bluntly, saying it that she might watch his face, if he changed countenance.

Vengha might as well have expected a new expression in the countenance of a Dutch clock.

"Ho, that personage, eh? Well, you're a pair."

Vengha thereupon bestowed upon him another look, and then rising, bowing, and muttering "Sahib," she took her discomfited departure.

Phil looked after her, and then summed her up in one word—"Mischief!"

And then he thought, "I'll watch that old woman; it will be something to do."

And then, I grieve to say, he thought, "I should like to shoot that old woman."

And thereupon he took out one of the pistols he had bargained for, and which had been the first carrier of the good tidings to Lucknow, and he looked at the fire-arm, and he looked at that old woman, and then he peered after Vengha, and took another observation of the pistol, and then with an exclamation of "Not to be done," he put it back in his belt.

The phrase "Not to be done," referred to his conscience, and not to this opportunity, which was all any murdering gentleman could require, for it was secluded and dark with trees.

"But I'll watch you," said he; "and if you do give me anything like a fair chance, whv, I think I shall take it."

(To be continued in our next.)

## THE PRACTICAL GARDENER.

THE continuance of the drought will necessitate a reference again to our last week's suggestions. Little can be done in the way of planting out so long as the dry weather continues. Hence our previous advice may again be taken as the

### GARDENING OPERATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

**KITCHEN GARDEN.**—We may add, that in planting out and transplanting Brussels sprouts, broccoli, cabbage, &c., at this dry period of the season, it is a good plan to dig a hole, and mix up the earth with water to the consistency of thick paint, into which the roots of the plants should be inserted prior to planting; if a little soot be added it will prevent the attack of grub. Give celery plenty of water, and continue to plant out, taking up the plants with as much soil as possible about the roots. Remove decayed leaves from the cucumber plants in frames, and give them a liberal supply of water twice a week; and sow additional seed if fruit is wanted through the winter. Cucumbers on ridges should be mulched with clean straw, to preserve the fruit from spotting. A few rows of potatoes may be planted closer than usual, to produce a late crop, certainly inferior, but yet with flavour. Pull up autumn sown onions, if fit, and lay them in the sun, and keep spring sown crops clear of weeds. Give the roots of peas, beans, &c., plenty of water to swell the pods. Keep up a wholesale destruction of caterpillars, grub, &c.

**FLOWER GARDEN.**—Gather seeds of pansies as the pods ripen, being particular to save from flowers of good flower and stout petals. For a good stock of pinks, continue to put in pipings, and plant out rooted pipings on beds of well-prepared soil, not too rich. Continue the budding of roses till finished.

**FRUIT GARDEN.**—Thin this year's wood of currants, gooseberries, &c., reserving only sufficient for next year's bearing. Protect fruit from the depredation of birds. Increase the stock of runners for new strawberry plantations.

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## NEW BOOKS.

**BELL'S ENGLISH PORTS.** London: Charles Griffin and Co., Stationers' Hall-court.—In noticing these very acceptable volumes last week we gave an extract of the early life of Cowper, and promised a similar extract from the life of Ben Jonson, which will be found interesting to our readers:—

"The family of Jonson, or Johnson, appear to have been originally settled at Annandale, in Scotland, from whence they removed to Carlisle, in the reign of Henry VIII. The first member of the family of whom any notice has been preserved was in the service of the king, and, as may be inferred from subsequent circumstances, embraced the Protestant faith. Nothing more is known of him, except that he possessed an estate, which descended to his son, the father of the poet. The religious persecutions which followed the accession of Queen Mary fell heavily on this gentleman, who was thrown into prison and deprived of his estate. At a later period he entered the Church, and for the rest of his life exercised the functions of a minister of the Gospel. He died in 1573. A month afterwards Ben Jonson was born in Westminster. Fuller in vain endeavoured to ascertain the exact locality of his birth, but traced him, while he was yet 'a little child,' to 'Harts-horn lane, near Charlton-crook, where,' he adds, 'his mother married a bricklayer for her second husband.' Malone concludes, from an entry in the registry of St. Martin's Church, that this second union took place in November, 1575, when a Mrs. Margaret Johnson was married to Mr. Thomas Fowler; and Gifford, convinced 'that the person here named was unquestionably the poet's mother,' fuses Fuller's statement into Malone's speculation, and describes Mr. Fowler (whom he erroneously calls Jonson's father-in-law) as a master bricklayer. Later researches have shown that there is no foundation for any of these assumptions. Jonson's mother was certainly living in 1604 or 1605; and the Mrs. Margaret Fowler supposed by Malone to be his mother was buried in St. Martin's Church, on the 2nd of April, 1590. Mr. Thomas Fowler died in 1595, and the inscription upon his tomb in the old church sets forth that he survived his three wives, Ellen, Margaret, and Elizabeth; it also informs us that he was comptroller and paymaster of the works under Queen Mary, and for the first ten years of Queen Elizabeth. It is clear, therefore, that as this gentleman outlived all his wives, he could not have been married to a lady who was undoubtedly alive some nine or ten years after his death. The statement that Jonson's mother married again, and that her second husband was a bricklayer, rests mainly on the authority of Fuller; but who the bricklayer was, remains yet to be ascertained. Jonson was first sent to a parish school in St. Martin's, and afterwards placed at Westminster by the friendship of Camden, at that time holding the appointment of second master. The obligation was never forgotten by the poet, who retained to the end of his life the most affectionate regard for his early benefactor and instructor. Drummond tells us that Jonson was taken from school, and 'put to one other craft, I think [it] was to be a wright or a bricklayer. There can be no doubt that the 'craft' was that of a bricklayer. The fact was current amongst Jonson's contemporaries; and Fuller says that 'he helped in the structure of Lincoln's Inn, when, having a trowel in his hand, he had a book in his pocket.' Fuller and Aubrey state that he was afterwards sent to Cambridge; but they differ in the order of the circumstances, and in the name of the college. Jonson makes no reference to Cambridge in his communications to Drummond; and he would scarcely have omitted so conspicuous a circumstance if it had occurred. On the contrary, according to his own relation, there was no interval between his schooling and his first step in life, when it was possible he could have gone to the University. The story about Cambridge is still further discredited by the silence of the University register. No such name occurs on the books. Jonson did not continue to work long at his step-father's business; and the aversion which he regarded it led him to avail himself of the earliest opportunity of embracing a more congenial occupation. The army, then serving in Flanders, presented the only accessible opening; and he entered it as a volunteer. During the short period he served with the troops he distinguished himself by his gallantry; on one occasion killing an enemy in single combat, and carrying off the spoils in the presence of the two hostile camps. To that brief experience of the career of a soldier of fortune he often afterwards referred with pride, and has left upon record a memorable testimony of his attachment for the profession of arms. But his true genius lay in another direction; and, yearning for the pursuits to which Camden had early trained his ambition, he soon returned to England. Without friends or resources, only two alternatives lay before him, from which there was no hope of extracting a subsistence—either to return to the craft which he had not long before fled from in disgust, or try his fortune in literature through the then profitable channel of the stage. His choice was speedily made. The circumstances under which he became connected with the theatres are involved in obscurity. All that can be collected from the satires of Dekker and the statements of Wood and Aubrey is that he obtained his first engagement at the Curtain in Shoreditch, where he seems to have been employed in the double capacity of player and dramatist. No trace remains of the literary labours in which he was thus engaged; and for an interval of several years the only incident which can be stated with certainty is that he increased the difficulties of his struggle by taking a wife. The exact date of his marriage is a matter of conjecture. There is some ground for supposing that it took place about 1592. The first authentic notice we have of Jonson after this event occurs in Henslowe's Diary, where the manager, under the date of the 28th July, 1597, acknowledges the receipt of 3s. 9d. as part of 'Benjamin's Johnson's share,' which implies that by this time Jonson had become a sharer in

Henslowe's company at the Rose on the Bank-side. It appears by another entry in a different part of the diary that on the same day Henslowe lent him four pounds; and on the 3rd of December following there is a memorandum of 20s. 'lent unto Benjamin Johnson upon a book which he was to write for us before Christmas next after the date hereof, which he showed the plot unto the company.' These facts, although barren enough in other respects, show that he had acquired some reputation by his productions, and was already established as a writer in the employment of Henslowe. From the Rose we follow him to the Globe, where we find him for the first time associated with Shakespeare. The story that runs through all the biographies respecting the circumstances under which their acquaintance was formed is honourable to both. Jonson is said to have placed his play for personal in the hands of a member of the company, who, looking over it carefully, was about to return it to the author, when Shakespeare, being struck by some particular passage, read the piece himself, and recommended it to the theatre. This fortunate play was 'Every Man in his Humour.' It was cast with the whole strength of the company. Shakespeare vindicated his opinion of its merits by playing in it himself; and amongst the other actors were Burbage, Condel, Slye, and Kempe. Its reception encouraged Jonson, and he followed up his success by taking a different view of the comic side of humanity, under the contrived title of 'Every Man out of his Humour.' About this time an incident occurred to him which very nearly brought his life to a close at the moment when his prospects were beginning to brighten. This circumstance is thus related by Drummond:—'Since his coming to England, being appealed to the fields, he had killed his adversary, who hurt him in the arm, and whose sword was ten inches longer than his; for the which he was imprisoned, and almost at the gallows.' Who the person was that Jonson had thus killed in a duel long remained a subject of speculation, but was at last ascertained from the following passage in one of Henslowe's letters to Alleyne:—'Since you were with me I have lost one of my company, which hurteth me greatly, that is Gabriel, for he is slain in Hoxton Fields by the hands of Benjamin Jonson, bricklayer.' The date of this letter, 26th September, 1598, fixes the period of the duel, which must have taken place only a few days before, as the slain man was buried on the 24th September, in the churchyard of St. Leonard's, Shoreditch. The register of the parish states that he was killed, but does not mention his antagonist. The name of the actor was Gabriel Spencer, here called Gabriel, according to the familiar usage of the players. He seems to have occupied an inferior position in the theatre. This unfortunate catastrophe made a deep impression on Jonson's mind. He was thrown into prison on a charge of murder, and, as he informed Drummond, had a narrow escape of being hanged.

## CAMP FIRE MEETINGS AT WIMBLEDON.

On Monday evening the second camp-fire took place. As usual, Corporal Croome, of the Victoria, acted as master of the ceremonies, and with wonderful energy plied on the fuel to a tolerably-sized bonfire, round which some 2,000 were seated, presided over by Lord Bury. Placed before his lordship was a wooden music-desk, on which he 'called to order,' when necessary, the amphitheatre of spectators around him, with a mallet used for driving stakes into the ground. There were, amongst other members of the aristocracy present, the Earl of Aberdeen, Lord Dufferin, Lord Suffield, Lady Elcho, Lady Bury, and Lord and Lady Fielding. Lord Bury took the chair and general and lasting cheers. His lordship having in a few words stated the pleasure he felt in presiding, the proceedings were opened by a Mr. Gardener, 'of London,' who sang a somewhat laughable song, 'Glo' to the camp at Wimbledon,' one of his own composition. The artist having been duly rewarded by a round of hearty cheers, Lord Bury said: 'The call is with you, Mr. Gardener—will you call for a song?' 'Cries of "Lord Bury," "Lord Bury," immediately succeeded. Lord Bury: Gentlemen, I had not the slightest idea that you would call upon me; but since you desire it, I will sing. He then, with much humour, and beating time with the before-mentioned mallet, gave them "Mrs. Simpkins." As to the previous song, a tremendous shout of applause followed, which had no sooner subsided than a voice in the distance demanded "Three cheers for Lord Bury, and one for Lady Bury," which was endorsed by rounds of applause. Lord Bury said: 'We have among us the rising generation of volunteers, and the Winchester boys are among us; I therefore call upon the Winchester boys for a song. The request of the noble chairman was instantly complied with by a party of the said "boys," who did their best to render the "Dulce Domum" with all due effect. But faint applause followed; whereupon Lord Bury said, "I think I shall only express the feeling of the whole party when I say if the Winchester boys can hit the bull's eye as well as they have hit the key-note they will win their prize to-morrow. But I, as an old Etonian, would rather see the Eton boys win." Corporal Croome, who during the whole of the proceedings kept plying the fuel, said in staccato voice, "I call upon Mr. Jones." (Voices: "Jones, Jones.") Lord Bury: If Mr. Jones is not here perhaps Mr. Robinson is. (Laughter.) A voice: "Captain Porter! Captain Porter! He's the man to sing." Voices: "Here's Captain Porter." "Stand up Porter." (Cheers.) The Captain accordingly obeyed, and certainly sang with much care the song of the "White sheet in the gale," which elicited some well-deserved applause. Lord Bury: Gentlemen, the army is strongly represented here, and a gentleman of that in-

valuable body will oblige us. I therefore call upon Major Lyons. (Voices: "Lyons, Lyons; come, Lyons.") At this moment a tremendous blaze disclosed a party of the Victorias lading out punch, and handing it round to the delighted spectators, who laughed and quaffed to the strains of the worthy major, who sang, "We drown it in a bowl." The cheers that followed this were few and far between, and silence reigned—but for a moment only—when a request for the "Mermaid" was made. Some opposition was raised against the repetition of this song, which although thoroughly well rendered by a Mr. Herman, had been heard several times previously. The majority, however, prevailed, and the "Mermaid" was brought from the bottom of the sea and drowned in the chorus of "Rule Britannia," with wonderful effect.

A call was then made that a "bobby" should sing. Counter-voices called upon Captain Osgood, in the midst of which difference of opinion the noble chairman said, we who are engaged in volunteering, and we who have taken up arms in defence of our country, have many distinguished clergy among us, and one in particular, the Rev. Mr. Bellaw, who, I hope, will not think it derogatory to his cloth to contribute to the amusement of the evening by giving us a song or recitation. I call upon Mr. Bellaw. (Cheers.)

The Rev. Gentleman said he had never sang in his life, but he was delighted to hear others sing.

Lord Bury: Give us a recitation; it is the humble request of us all.

A Voice: Come to the front.

Mr. Bellaw was silent.

Voices: "Bellaw! Bellaw!"

Mr. Bellaw, after a moment or so, got up and read most effectively the short soliloquy of Hamlet upon his mother's marriage with his uncle; sitting down with the sentence, "For I must hold my peace." The rev. gentleman was enthusiastically applauded, which was much increased in vehemence by three cheers being given for "Hamlet the Dane."

Lord Bury: Mr. Bellaw calls upon Mr. March for a song.

Voices: Quick, March.

Lord Bury: While he is getting ready we will ask the policeman for a song. (Cries of "Police, police," and "Move on Bobby" succeeded his lordship's remark.)

Lord Bury: Now, order for the police—surely we have got a policeman here.

A Voice: They are never here when they are wanted.

Voices: There is plenty o' cold mutton here. (Laughter and cheers.)

Corporal Croome: Here is a policeman at last, out of uniform.

A Voice: What's his number?

"284 out of uniform."

A Voice: No more about cold mutton now—go on.

The policeman thus called upon stood up and began—

"Once on a time,  
A friend of mine."

Here he could not reach the note, and wisely said, "Stop—that's too high;" whereupon some one called out, "Your place is in the area, not the attic." The blue-coated official nevertheless sang a very comic and pleasing song, that aroused the laughter and applause of all present.

Lord Bury then called upon Lord Fielding, who sang the "Great Mogul" with excellent humour. Several other songs were afterwards sung, and the National Anthem effectively rendered by the whole company echoed over the dying embers of the second camp fire.

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